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NARRAGANSET CHIEF.

THE

NARRAGANSET CHIEF;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES

OF

A WANDERER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

We know not all—but if his evening sun
Be not unlike its rise,
Its lurid glare shall pierce through vapors dun,
And set in ruddy skies.

NEW YORK:
J. K. PORTER, 144 FULTON STREET.

1832.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE manuscript, to which the reader is indebted for whatever amusement he may find in the following pages, was placed in my hands a few weeks ago by a stranger, whose tall, erect figure, dark, piercing eye, straight black hair, and swarthy complexion, excited that sympathy and interest which is ever associated in my mind with the contemplation of the Indian character. Other, and very different sensations were produced, as more perfect acquaintance unfolded the peculiarities of his mind; such, in fact, as it would be fruitless to attempt to describe. So conflicting and incompatible his intellectual and moral faculties, so unequal and oddly combined, that he, who would endeavor to define them with accuracy, would find himself vascillating in judgment, and end at last in indecision. Appearing at one time to possess an excursive imagination, vivid and erratic; at another, calm reflection, deep thought, and discriminating judgment. From stoical indifference and gloomy misanthropy, warming at once into acute sensibility and kind feeling. Kindling, at one moment, with a patriot's ardor, and espousing the cause of Americans, where their rights were involved; the next, fired with indignation and rage, at the recollection of the wrongs inflicted upon his red brethren, by these pale faced usurpers of their once peaceful domain. Sensibly affected by attention and kind treatment when bestowed; he yet shuns society, and forms no local or personal attachments. Abhorring slavery, and spurning subordination, he submits himself to the debasing discipline of a "man-of-war's man."

Accustomed as he has been to deeds of daring and boldest enterprise, we should not be surprised to find him restless, and impatient of the tranquil scenes of ordinary life, or flying to stupifying potations, to avert the burden of listless existence.

The *mysterious stranger*, (for he does not wish at present, for reasons rendered sufficiently obvious in the sequel, to give his name to the public,) claims descent from a noted chief of the Narraganset tribe of Indians. Ambition to elevate the character of his nation, and "to show the white man that an Indian can write a book," are his avowed motives for preserving a record of his adventures.

In relation to the genuineness and authenticity of the narrative, the editor will only observe, that many of the facts have been verified; many more are susceptible of it, if true; or of being disproved, if false. To the ordeal of public opinion, both the facts and the sentiments contained in it are respectfully submitted. On the *author* alone rests the responsibility; the *editor* assumes none. His only alternative was, either to confine it to his own cabinet, or publish it entire. He chose the latter.

I. P.

PREFACE.

This earth is about eight thousand miles in diameter. Whether it is a solid body of fire, air, earth, and water, or whether it is hollow, like the artificial globes of the schools, I cannot determine.

If, however, I have a very imperfect knowledge of the inside, I am pretty well acquainted with the different parts of the outer surface, and that by actual observation; so that the title which I have assumed will be acknowledged appropriate; and no one, after perusing these pages, will doubt my claim to the appellation of "A Wanderer."

Having, in the course of my perigrinations, passed through some remarkable vicissitudes, and drank deeply of the bitter cup, whose sobering draught engenders cool reflection, I trust that the history of my adventures may furnish some considerations, not altogether speculative, to the enquiring mind, if it does not furnish a sufficient apology for obtruding upon the public some of the details of rather an eventful life.

If, in the course of this narrative, I am compelled to make mention of some events which may call up a glow on the cheek of those whose rigid principles of virtue were never put to the test, let such remember, that "hunger breaks through stone walls;" and that he who has been early divested of kindred and friends, whose fairest hopes have been blasted, and whose path has been hewn out by a destiny over which he has no control, ought not to be so severely judged as those whose days have been spent by the fireside, whose infant years have been guided by the fostering hand of parents and friends, and who have learnt their duty by rote. When the judicious consider these things, they will cast the mantle of charity (that mantle "which hides a multitude of sins") over the aberrations and failings of

THE WANDERER.

ADVENTURES

OF

A WANDERER.

CHAPTER I.

„I saw a man once, but he was not like thee, mother; and thou did'st bid me call him father. His head was like yon mountain, clouded by the evening mist. Thou art fair like the white cloud, dropping thick dews.

The darkness of the one, and the brightness of the other, have met in thee, my child; and thou art the link which unites us.

"PHILOSOPHY, though eagle-eyed in Nature's plan," has not succeeded in drawing a line of discrimination between the members of the human family, so marked as to proscribe from the commonwealth of humanity those whom Cowper says are "guilty of a skin not colored like his own."

Indeed, if my complexion does afford proof that I am not born so nobly, not endued with the same unalienable privileges and rights as the pale aristocracy, I declare that I am not ambitious of attaining to their milky prerogatives, by changing skins with any of them—and much less do I

repine at the decrees of Him who has "made of one blood all the nations of the earth."

Once, it was not so. Once, I shuddered at the idea that I bore a stamp upon my brow, which distinguished me from my fellows; and then I was a child. I remember it well. Nine winters had passed over me. I had not perceived, in all that time, that I was other in form, feature, or complexion, than my associates. I was a school-boy. I learned my task with the same ease as did my classmates—I felt my bosom glow at the encomiums of my tutor—I was artless—I was innocent—I was happy! As Adam "knew not that he was naked," so neither was I aware, that there was a badge attached to me, of which I was doomed to be ashamed. I was a resident in one of the New England states, where color is not deemed a sufficient approbrium to ensure the tawny inhabitant disgrace, and consign his limbs to the shackle, his back to the scourge. Still, the prejudices of the South are not wholly unfelt in the North, and although the fetter falls from the neck of the African, when his foot touches the New England soil, still there lingers about the heart of the Yankee some of that bitterness and contempt towards his colored brethren, which once raged throughout the land, and forged galling chains for that oppressed race.

Many specious arguments have been advanced to prove the justness of African Slavery, and although many honest men have met and confuted them, others have allowed themselves to be wheedled into the comfortable idea, that they are made of better clay, and entitled to more consideration, than these degraded sufferers. Let me call upon *you*, who have still a small portion of humanity left in your bosoms, to start from the syren flatterers, whose tongues are scorpions, and whose hellish machinations would lull you to repose, while thousands of your fellow-creatures groan beneath the lash of unfeeling tyrants, under the flag of a nation professing to be guided by the Law of Liberty and Equal Rights! Have you not professed to the world, that "ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL?"

Is this not mockery? Are not these very letters shaded by the crimson blood of your suffering brethren! Or are not Africans men? Tyrant, does not your bleeding slave, while kneeling to you for mercy, address you in the language of human nature—and do not *you* prove yourself incapable of appreciating that language? —'Tis *you* who seem less than man, and most devoid of every principle, every attribute, of humanity!

Glorious was that struggle which severed the Colonies from Great Britain; just was the cause which led the patriots to the field, and illustrious the Chief who presided over the intrepid band—but that slave who leads the van in an attempt to free his crushed companions from *American* slavery, will snatch the laurel from the brow of Washington!

One miserable refuge, behind which the slaveholder retreats, is this: that "many slaves are very well satisfied with their situation, and would not wish to change it!" Very fine, indeed! Because you have reduced them to this state of abject dependence, broken their spirits, and perverted all the noble independence of their nature, you have a right to trample upon their unalienable rights, and continue the iniquitous business! Because a blind man loves the taste of arsenic, (being ignorant of its deadly tendency,) you will pour it down his throat! From what must that contentedness arise, which induces the slave to embrace the scourge and hug the fetters? Would *you* be content to drudge for a master, and crouch at his feet like a dog? You say "Death before slavery!" and you would despise a white man who would submit to the degradation of unlimited subordination. Because a suicide requests you to shoot him, would you

be justified in blowing his brains out with a pistol? Answer these questions, ye advocates for slavery, and, "if custom has not steeled your hearts" to every principle of rectitude, you will see, that mercy to a negro entitles you to *no* praise, since he has the same claim to liberty and to respect as a European.

To return.—I said I was a school-boy. My playmates first taught me to repine. It was an afternoon in the month of May, when I ran home to my mother, and in the anguish of my spirit, begged to know if I was indeed stigmatized by that stamp, which had procured me the derision of my school-fellows. She caught me in her arms, and, affected by the artless simplicity of my question and manner, burst into tears. She told me, that I was indeed distinguished from my fellows, by a darker hue than that which now marks the lords of the soil, but that the original inhabitants of the country wore the same swarthy complexion and sable straight hair which was contemned by the usurpers of this fair region. She said the only relation in America of whom I could boast, was herself; that my father, whom she had married while in slavery in Barbary, was far away; that his career had been wayward—he had followed in the

train of Napoleon—but that now she knew not the place of his abode. Yet, she assured me, that I might confidently rely upon her protection, although my color differed from her own.

Notwithstanding these kind assurances, I now began to feel myself an insulated being. Circumstances, in which I had no agency, had severed me from the society of my equals. I wondered why nature had so unkindly dealt by me; and my spirit, naturally high, recoiled at the idea of yielding precedence to those who could boast no advantage over me, save that their skins were paler than mine.

After pondering upon these things until my imagination had become inflamed with wild and romantic notions, I at length settled into a confirmed misanthropy; resolved to leave the partners of my childhood, and try if in the world's wide sphere there might not be found those who would look with complacency on a being formed like themselves, with all the distinguishing properties of humanity, though shaded by the hand of varying nature.

CHAPTER II.

"The world was all before them, where to choose."
Milton.

THE reader is now to behold me a solitary wanderer over the world's wide stage; commencing my recreant course even in childhood, without a friend to direct, or a protector to soothe —a voluntary exile from my home, banished by my own unyielding pride, and only supported by the reflection that I was alone on the earth, and that as nobody cared for me, I must care for myself, and maintain what little respect I still had for my own character, until I might be called to the land of darkness, where we should be *all of a color.*

I had carefully concealed my intentions from my fond mother, well knowing that I should never obtain from her consent of absence.

I bundled up what few necessaries I stood in immediate want of, and watched a suitable opportunity to depart unobserved.

It was on a fine morning in midsummer, ere the sun had glanced from the east, that I stole

from the domestic cot, leaving the good woman in the arms of Morpheus, little dreaming of what was transacted by her son; and gliding down a small lane, which led into the highway, pursued my hasty march for upwards of a mile, when I arrived before the door of a little white mansion which stood a few paces back from the road, and whose front was nearly hidden by the thick foliage of vines and peach trees.

Sweet to the Arabian traveller is a pool in the midst of the desert, and welcome to the sinking mariner is the firm rock palpable to his feet—but dearer is a friend in adversity—a gentle bosom which beats with sympathy, in defiance of the derision and contempt of a heartless world!

Brave is man in the hour of battle, exulting amid the thunder of war. The storm of elements rages impotence around him, and the roar of ocean furnishes mirth for his unshaken soul. But WOMAN alone dares to brave the scoffs of a multitude, and to cling to the side of virtue, when the breath of malevolence poisons the surrounding air.

I gazed upon the window, from which Caroline had so often addressed me, as I passed. Her azure eye was not discernible, glancing through the dancing leaves—the sound of her dulcet

voice was not distinguishable from the murmur of the zephyrs. The beams of the morning had not darted through the lattice, and she still slumbered. Sleep on, gentle innocence! Let no rude dreams infest thy peaceful soul—and may'st thou wake to happiness and joy. Thou alone wast true to thy despised associate—thou didst breast the torrent of slander—thou wast insensible to the shafts of prejudice. Often, in the hour of deep distress, has thy good genius shadowed me like a guardian angel; and often have thy prayers averted the shaft of death from my devoted head!

I poured forth an ardent blessing upon the mansion which contained the sleeping seraph, and giving a last look at the plain which had witnessed the adventures of my childhood, plunged hastily into a copse, from which I emerged again into the road, at considerable distance from the village. I felt for a moment rejoiced at having secured my liberty, and at being beyond the ken of my insolent companions—but a flood of regret rolled back upon my soul with irresistible violence, when the golden moments which I had spent with my Caroline, were brought fresh to my memory, and when I reflected upon the uncompromising partiality and devoted kindness of a mother, who was doomed

to awake to the sense of her son's apparent ingratitude—to find herself deserted both by husband and son. These gloomy reflections were somewhat dissipated in time, by the novel scenes which attract the attention of a boy when first he breaks from the boundaries in which parental restriction has confined him; and I soon found room for employing my mind in speculations, some of which were not of the most agreeable nature.

I had indeed escaped from the persecutions of those who first told me I was their inferior, but I had become, in a manner, accustomed to their insolence; and the hope of escaping their society, had enabled me to bear up, with dogged resolution, beneath their gibes and reproaches.

But when I had launched forth upon the bosom of the wide world, when I had given up all that was near and dear to me for the sake of escaping those tormentors; then to find, in every tavern where I halted, from every passenger whom I encountered on my road, a similar expression of dislike and contempt—this almost tempted me to conclude, that there was some foundation for such conduct, and that, in endeavoring to oppose and elude it, I was warring against human nature itself. One thing, however, greatly strengthened the opposite opinion,

I experienced more respect and consideration from persons of standing and respectability, than I did from the most debased class of white men. When I encountered a low, mean wretch, in whose squalid countenance every vice was depicted, and whose cheeks were blossoming with dissipation, he was sure to put me in mind that I was—"a ——* Indian." A lazy lounger in a tavern, whose intellects would suffer in a comparison with those of a Hottentot, cast a scowling glance of contempt upon me as I entered the door; while a fine looking gentleman, who had just alighted from a stage-coach, took me by the hand, inquired into my situation, and gave me some money. Since that time, I have made the same observation upon the conduct of the whites.

Men who have been kicked out of all society for their baseness and depravity—with whom no reputable person will associate—very generally show their contempt towards the African and Indian race, in a marked and violent manner; to console themselves, no doubt, with the reflection, that there is still somebody below them; and fearing that they run the risk of being class-

* Vulgar and offensive expletives, however characteristic of those who use them, it is deemed best, for the sake of juvenile readers, to omit.—Ed.

ed with that people, if they do not vindicate strenuously their superiority!

Without meeting with any event worth recording, I reached the small city of Troy, in the state of New York. I made but a short stay in Troy, and set out for the city of New York. Here I obtained a situation as servant to a gentleman, who had been engaged as a tutor in St. Domingo, and who was at this time on the eve of sailing for that place. We embarked together in the brig Free Ocean.

An agreeable feeling of independence elevated my juvenile soul, as the dark line of the land-edged horizon faded into ether, and let the cloud mingle familiarly with the azure wave.

"Thus," thought I, "should I love to toss for ever on these shapeless billows, and no more return to the dwellings of mortal man!"

During this passage we were boarded by a French privateer, which pressed two of our men. Nothing else remarkable occurred.

CHAPTER III.

There were sudden jars, as the shot ball threw its swift weight upon our groaning side; smells of forgetful fume; and such unearthly utterance, commingling with the death-shrieks and the crash of splintered timber, as if ministering fiends had, in their haste to snatch departing souls, left open wide the infernal doors, and the harsh discord of the damned had floated forth to chime with war's astounding uproar.

Fell Discord oped his brazen throat; blew wide his pestilential breath, fevering our veterans.

AFTER our arrival in St. Domingo, I remained but a short time with my master. Troublesome times came on, and we were separated.

Hostilities commenced between the two rival powers of Christophe and Desalines. These troubles ended in the overthrow of Desalines, and the establishment of Christophe. I remained, altogether, about seven months in this port, and then shipped in the brig Jean d'Arc, bound to Havre de Grace.

We had been at sea but fourteen days, when a Patriot cruiser overhauled us, and carried us into Laguira. We were brought on shore, and chained together in small squads, each containing ten men.

We were now prisoners, but in no peril; and although liberty would have been preferable to confinement, yet I felt no strong sensations of uneasiness at my situation.

A prospect of release soon presented itself. We were offered our liberty, on condition of our shipping in a Patriot war-vessel, to fight against the Royalists.

Every man who consented to this proposal, was presented with a doubloon, and allowed sufficient leisure on shore to dispose of the bounty, before he was required to go on board.

My ambition was kindled by these offers, and I eagerly embraced the opportunity of joining in any adventure which promised entertainment, and which held out a prospect of honor or gain.

I received the bounty, and had no difficulty in getting clear of it. When my term of liberty was expired, I went on board the brig General Santander, bound to the coast of old Spain, in search of prizes. She mounted fourteen guns, and a Long Tom, which stood on a pivot a-midships. At this time, I was ten years old.

We sailed immediately. We had been three weeks at sea, when we fell in with an old store ship, laden with provisions and clothing, for the Royal soldiers in Havana, called the Don Alfonzo. She mounted six guns. We requested

them to heave to, in the usual manner—that is, we sent them an iron ambassador. They opened a fire upon us, slightly wounded one of our quarter masters, and shot away one of our main shrouds. We then thought it time to treat with them on more general terms. We gave them several broadsides, and kept the Long Tom busy; but they soon hauled down their colors, and cried out, *Canaho! Canaho!**

We manned the prize, and sent her in. I was too young to make many observations at this time; but I well recollect the singular impression which was made upon me by the bustle, hurry, and confusion, which prevailed on board previous to the commencement of this short action, and during its continuance.

We still pursued our outward-bound course, until Cape Trafalgar emerged from the billow. Here we fell in with the Patriot brig Pelican, Captain Alwyn. The Captain of the Pelican informed us that a large Spanish armament was lying in the Bay of Algezira. He advised us to take advantage of the first fair wind that offered, and run up the gut of the Mediterranean. He said that his crew were so much wearied with continual actions, and weakened by manning prizes, that he was compelled to return home.

* [illegible]

Soon after parting with the Pelican, a favorable wind sprung up, and we proceeded up the Straits of Gibralter. In forty-eight hours, we arrived off Ape's Hill. We cruised off Malaga, and farther up the Mediterranean, about two weeks, ere we took any prizes, or fell in with any adventure. We then, upon a Sunday afternoon, espied three large feluccas, from Algezira, bound to Malaga. We gave chase to them, and came up with one, which was loaded with wheat. We took the men prisoners, and set fire to their vessel. We then pursued the other two, and overtook one of them. She was loaded with various sorts of merchandize; cut-glass, plate, &c. We took possession of her cargo, and then scuttled and sunk her. But the flame of the first felucca served as a beacon to the enemy, and we had no sooner sunk the second one, than we espied a brig and two schooners, bearing the Spanish flag, approaching us at a quick rate. We made all sail, and run from them. The schooners being better sailers than the brig, gained upon us considerably, while the other kept equi-distant from us. It was now the third day of July, and the ship's company of our vessel had preserved a considerable supply of liquor for the purpose of recreating themselves on the morrow, the Anniversary of American Independence.

"Coming events cast their shadows before,"*

and in this instance, our crew had certainly, in some degree, anticipated the intended revel, by drinking deeper than usual, the day previous to the fourth. These potations, added to a double allowance of grog, which they extorted from the Captain, had rendered them boisterous, and filled their heads with proclamations. About sundown, they mustered and went aft to address the Captain. They told him, that as the superior sailing of the schooners had distanced them considerably from the brig, it would be an easy matter to cripple them before the brig came up; expressed their willingness to fight, and swore they would run no longer.

"Heave her to, —— —— you, and fight as long as you please," replied the Captain; "if you want fighting, I'll give you enough of it!"

We therefore hove to, and lay in that situation about two hours. During this time, the Captain and First Lieutenant held a consultation with the other officers. The result of their deliberations was,—That the men were in a state of inebriation; that the brig would be down upon us before we could finish the affair with the schooners; and that, in such a crisis, much

* CAMPBELL.

could not be expected of a parcel of men who were completely intoxicated with liquor. Agreed, therefore, that a decoy light be thrown overboard, and the brig be put under way.

A half barrel of tar, turpentine, and such combustibles, with a light sail attached to it, and ballasted with two shot, was set on fire and cast into the sea. We then braced forward, and hauled in the lee braces.

Those boisterous men who had been eager for a fight, were, by this time, completely in the lee skuppers, and insensible to the execution of those schemes which had been covertly planned by their officers; but when, at 10 P. M., the breeze died away, and the moon rose bright over Cape Degatta, betraying us completely to the full view of our foes, and the Captain proposed getting out our sweeps, the crew violently opposed the project, and declared their fixed determination to fight the enemy.

Our brig was then cleared for action, and we beat to quarters, for the purpose of ascertaining whether our crew were in a condition to risk an engagement.

Several, who before had been full of noise and swelling speech, were now remarkably cool and philosophic.

The two schooners were in plain sight, but

the brig had fallen so far astern that she was not visible from our vessel. The schooners had also separated a short distance from each other. The foremost one, seeing our intention to await the approach of our enemies, took in her royals, and hauled up the foresail. The other schooner was thus enabled to overtake her; and when both schooners were abreast, they approached us together, under short sail.

Every thing now held out the prospect of a speedy engagement. Our decks were sanded down; the hammock nettings were filled with swabs, pea-jackets, &c. The splinter nettings were triced over head, in the manner of an awning. The boarding-netting tackles were hooked. A bag of skupper nails was placed between every two guns, for the purpose of scattering them on deck, when the enemy should board, to cripple the feet of the assailants, as they sprang from the nettings—affording a causeway, like the "thorny path of virtue."

The Captain then called the petty officers aft, and asked them if they thought that one small glass of rum would be injurious to the men, in their present condition. They replied, that the effect of one glass would not be deleterious, as a little stimulus of that kind would tend to remove the latent dullness which too great indulgence in

drinking had created, and which always attends a man just recovering from a frolic.

But now the schooners are nearly come up to us. Mutual gratulations had passed from one vessel to the other, and they seemed to imagine that the genius of victory was hovering over their mast heads.

The one endeavored to gain a raking position athwart our bows. The other stood across our stern, and as she passed towards that position, opened her fire with a whole broadside, from which we received but little damage.

Our Long Tom was elevated by a skillful hand, and returned the fire of this schooner immediately.

All this time our vessel was lying to, with the main yard to the mast. The schooner was gaining a position under our stern, while the other was endeavoring to lay athwart our bows. To counteract this movement of the latter, we braced up and exposed our broadside to her. She opened a fire upon us. "Mind the fellow under the stern!" cried the Captain to the First Lieutenant, "and I will look out for the one ahead." The First Lieutenant took charge of the Long Tom, and played away upon the schooner under the stern, which kept up a galling fire, while our divisions emitted one

continued sheet of flame, and hurled the iron hail thick upon the foe, who had failed in his attempt to attain a raking position. This schooner kept up a continual fire, but with little effect.

At length, her main top mast fell—and the main mast of the other schooner went by the board, with a loud crash.

The First Lieutenant cried out—"A sloop, by ——! Hurra! my boys—the day's our own!" "A serving-mallet!" shouted another. The other schooner dropped her fore-sail and made her escape. We then turned all our attention to the remaining foe. We stood athwart his bows, but, before we could give him a raking fire, he yielded.

"Lower away the gig," cried the Captain. "She is stove!" was the immediate reply. "Then, lower away the larboard quarter boat," said he. "She is riddled!" was the answer. The word was then passed—"All hands, out boats!" We then hoisted out the first cutter, and the First Lieutenant boarded the schooner. He found their First Lieutenant dangerously wounded, and the slain lying in heaps about their deck.

In our cock-pit were eleven wounded; we had four men killed. We got out our launch, and went on board the schooner. We removed

all their men to our vessel, excepting such as were mortally wounded: they were thrown overboard, to die at their leisure.

It was now nearly daylight, and the brig hove in sight.

The First Lieutenant proposed to take every thing out of the schooner which was of any value, and set her on fire. His advice was followed, and soon the vessel was in flames.

Now, bread and cheese, rum, and other necessaries, were served out to the crew, who soon regained their spirits, and felt ready to engage the brig. In the mean time, a rumor circulated amongst the men, that a quantity of specie had been taken out of the schooner; which circumstance I mention, as it tends to account for subsequent events, which I shall relate in their proper place.

When the brig had arrived within four miles of us, she shortened sail.

A conference was now held in the cabin, to which I was a witness. Being cabin-boy at the time, I had an excellent opportunity of hearing all the debates carried on by our officers.

The Captain said, that he was certain the noise of our affray with the schooners must have been heard in Malaga, and the wind was now fair for an armed force to come down upon us from that

place. But the First Lieutenant was anxious to encounter the enemy, and believing, from her manœuvres, that the brig was afraid of us, he went around amongst the men, and proposed running down to her.

The Sailing Master reported to the Captain, that our vessel was in as good condition, and as well prepared for action, as she was before the contest with the schooners.

The Captain laughed, and replied, that the larboard quarter was ripped up badly, and that the jib-stay was shot away.

"Every thing is repaired," cried the Sailing Master; "the jib-stay is spliced and set up, and the larboard quarter is barricadoed."

About 5 A. M. the consultation resulted in an order to steer for the enemy.

In the mean time, the schooner, on board of which considerable powder had been left, blew up, with a tremendous explosion.

We now rapidly approached the brig, which bore down upon us with shortened sail; royal yards sent down, her top gallant sails furled, all ready for action.

We hauled our wind, and stood ready to receive her. She had attained within the distance of half a mile, when she commenced firing her bow guns. Her fire was ineffectual, until we

had nearly reached her, when our main top-gallant mast fell.

Our Captain determined to lay her by the board, if possible, and we therefore reserved our fire. She kept up a constant play upon us, until we were within pistol shot of the enemy, when we opened our fire upon them, all at once, and the battle immediately became general.

A shot from the enemy struck the cook's copper, near the bottom, which drove the hot water into the air to the height of about fifteen feet; which, falling down upon the men, produced a lively dance amongst them, greatly to the entertainment of a little negro on board, whose shrill laugh was heard above the roar of the battle.

Ropes, splinters, and balls, flew thick about our ears—the cry of death floated wide on the still air—and the ruddy flame flashed far along the deep.

The contest became desperate. We were completely locked together by each other's yard-arms and rigging, when the word was given to grapple. Grappling irons were therefore produced, and we were soon securely pinioned to each other. We then loaded our Long Tom with a bag of musket balls, and brought it to bear in her second bow port. We fired; and

such dismal yells, such loathsome odors, as followed the discharge of this piece, I never before witnessed, nor have I met with the like in any of my subsequent adventures.

The enemy now attempted to board us. We triced up the boarding nettings, and repelled them. We then attempted to board *them*, but were also repelled.

Our fire had now nearly ceased. "Cut that grappling!" cried our Captain; "they have soldiers on board, as thick as ——!"

"Sail, O!" shouted a man from one of our tops.

"Up helm, and fill away," cried our Captain, "we shall make no money here."

As the strange sail appeared to be a sloop of war, we cut our grappling, and crowded all sail to escape from her. We were favored with a good breeze, and struck off for the Barbary coast. Upon examination, we found that our loss, in the action with the brig, was nine men killed, and twenty-one wounded.

We made good our escape from the sloop of war, and passing over to the Barbary shore, cruised two weeks, without event. But at the end of that time, in the morning early, we saw a strange sail, about four miles to leeward. We put up the helm, and ran down for him. He

hauled up his courses, and hove his main top sail to the mast, in readiness to receive us. The Captain reconnoitred him a while, and then, giving the spyglass to the First Lieutenant, said he thought he saw turbans there.

We hove to; when the other dropped his courses, and hauled upon a wind, for the purpose of coming up to us.

We supposed he was a Barbary corsair, and he being a sloop of war, we came to the conclusion that we had better endeavor to get out of his reach. He then hoisted a red flag, with two swords crossed; and we crowded all sail, while he pursued. He chased us all the forenoon, but we were the better sailer, and distanced him considerably. About twelve o'clock, a small sail hove in sight, to leeward, when he gave up the pursuit, and steered for the other.

Four days after this event, we espied three Greek polacres. We gave chase, and when we came within gun-shot distance, fired a gun, whereupon one of them hove to. We sent a boat to take charge of her, and then gave chase to the other two. We overtook them, and brought them to, under cover of our guns. These polacres were from a Spanish port, loaded with Spanish brandy, &c. They were, therefore, a lawful prize. We found a Duchess in one of

these polacres, who was going to Italy as passenger, with considerable furniture; but our Captain would not permit his men to make plunder of any private property, and she therefore suffered no loss. We took all that we wanted from the three polacres, and put the prisoners, which we had previously captured, on board of one of them. We then steered down towards Malaga, to cruise off the harbor of that place.

Finding this dangerous, as the armament at Algezira had received notice of our proceedings, we steered for Gibralter, and ran in under cover of its guns. We had remained there a week, when the Captain proposed getting under way, as an experiment; we did so, and soon descried a frigate, two sloops of war, and two gun brigs, lying in wait for us off the harbor. We therefore returned to our anchorage, and lay several days longer; when, growing weary of this state of inaction, we determined to get under way, and try the chance of escaping. We were encouraged in this undertaking, as the ships of the enemy were lying at anchor, and the two brigs were cruising off Ceuta Point, under short sail.

We therefore hove up our anchor, and made sail. As we passed the Rock, the breeze freshened so much, that we were obliged to take two

reefs in the top sails. Every thing was placed in readiness for action on board of us; and we steered for the Gut. Mean time, the frigate and the two sloops of war got under way, with expedition, and gave chase to us. The brigs came nigh enough to bring their guns to bear at long shot, but seemed shy, and kept at a respectful distance. We got safely to sea, and without damage, saw the lessening sails of our adversaries fade in the distance.

We remained cruising about, off the harbor of Cadiz, several weeks. The Captain mentioned, that the term of our commission would expire in six weeks; and that he wished to run down the Western Islands, and go to Madeira.

The crew, having nothing else to employ their minds about, entered into discussions upon the circumstances of the cruise.

Plate and specie, to the amount of 250,000 dollars, had been shared amongst the officers and crew. But the latter mistrusted foul play; they concluded that the Captain had reserved a quantity of specie, which had been taken out of the schooner.

Several of the ship's company went aft, therefore, and stated the case to the Captain. The Captain replied, that he would share nothing more, until the vessel arrived home—and that

then, a fair estimation of the goods should be made, and a just division take place.

The crew then determined to have an overhaul, and see for themselves what was on board. They therefore sent word to the Captain, that they demanded a search. The Captain immediately called up his guards, consisting of about fourteen Spanish Indians, and put them under arms; declaring, at the same time, that he would confine all those men who continued restive.

The crew rebounded at this, and called a council. It resulted in this decision: that although they had put themselves under martial law, by entering on board the brig, they were fighting for themselves, and that they would have their dues, and put up with no abuse.

They then sent a peremptory demand to the Captain, couched in no mild terms, to have a fair overhaul of all the store rooms, that they might see what they contained. The Captain's answer was, in brief, that the vessel would soon return to the Spanish Main; that then, and not till then, every thing should be subject to the appraisal of a court of examination.

The Captain then called all hands on deck, and told them, that his offers were as fair as the nature of the case admitted; for that an accurate investigation would cause a great deal of trouble

and confusion; "but," added he, "you may appoint any two men whom you think fit, to see that no unfair means are resorted to by myself or the officers of the brig. Every package that leaves the vessel shall be submitted to their inspection, so that nothing can be made away with, before we get home."

The crew were far from being satisfied with this proposal.

"We have fought for our money," said they, "and risked our lives in gaining it; and unless you now make a fair division, we'll make it ourselves!"

Hereupon the Captain waxed wroth. He ordered one of the men, who had been foremost in the rebellion, to go to the gangway.

"I will," replied he," if the rest of the crew will go there too."

The petty officers then spoke. They said, that hereafter, no flogging should take place, unless with the consent of the whole ship's company.

The petty officers then went forward, and held a private consultation; while a part of the crew cast loose the Long Tom, and pointed it aft, and swore that they would have their demands complied with, or mow down all who opposed them. Seeing matters drawing towards an extremity, the Captain and officers consented that several

of the crew should be appointed by their companions to go down and overhaul every thing, and make an estimation of all that had been captured since the brig left Laguira.

While things were in this situation, a man at the mast head cried out, "Sail, O!"

We braced up, and stood for the strange sail. She proved to be an English brig. From her we gained intelligence, that the Patriot brig l'Irresistible, had been taken by the Spaniards, and carried into Cadiz, where all hands were tried for piracy.

We steered for Madeira, and reaching that place, came to an anchor. We lay there seven days, recruiting, going on shore, and regaining our spirits.

We next got under way, and run down the Western Islands. Here we espied a sail, which proved to be a large Portuguese merchant ship. Our commission was up, and the Captain doubted the lawfulness of making reprisals, at this time. Nevertheless, we concluded that it was a pity to let so good a chance escape us, and we boarded the ship. There was considerable Spanish property on board, and we took what we wanted, and left them to their fate.

The promised examination of our reprisals now took place. The gold was placed on one side the

quarter deck, the silver occupied the other. An equal division took place, and all hands seemed satisfied. We then steered for Laguira, and arrived safely to that port. We found, upon our arrival, that our prize, which we sent in during the outward bound passage, had been sold.

Our crew received each three fourths of his prize money, and a ticket of credit for the remainder.

Every artifice was used to prevail upon us to continue in Laguira. Several American boarding houses were opened; and every flattering attention bestowed; so that, although I had previously resolved to leave Laguira, immediately upon our arrival at that place, I was influenced by several persons so much as to continue there some months. At length an opportunity offered for making my escape. The brig White Oak was about sailing for Boston, and the Captain consented to carry me, on condition that I would give him forty dollars, and assist during the passage in working the vessel! I therefore sold my prize ticket, the nominal value of which was 480 dollars, and received 150 dollars in specie for it.

When I arrived in Boston, I had about 250 dollars still in my possession.

CHAPTER IV.

"If thou be'st he,—but oh, how changed!"

Milton.

Two years had now elapsed since I left my mother's roof, and my first thoughts, upon landing, reverted to the domestic circle. Then I thought upon the cause which had banished me thence. I thought upon the insolence of my homespun companions, and a glow of conscious pride swelled my soul, when I recollected that I could now out dazzle the best of them—that I could read them a tale from the lines of my own experience, which would

"Make their eyes, like comets,
"Start from their spheres."

Then I thought of Caroline! Ah, here—here was the chord which still drew with irresistible force, and determined me to direct my course homeward. But I had formed associations in Boston, especially with a certain gambler, a notorious villian, who paid me great attention.

He was about setting out for New-Orleans, and, in a weak hour, prevailed upon me to accompany him to that place.

He paid my passage, and I arrived with him safely in New Orleans. Upon our arrival, he set up a shop, and I attended the bar. My patron used me well, apparently, and I remained satisfied with my situation.

In this place, I learned more of mankind than I had ever done before; and became quite an adept in worldly policy.

In the course of a few months, I had learned sufficient with respect to my friend, to know that self-interest was the main-spring of all his actions. The sickly season coming on, I embraced a favorable opportunity to escape from his clutches; and leaving him, by stealth, embarked for New York, which place I reached in good health, and in good circumstances.

Nothing now intervened to prevent my return home.

It was nearly sunset, when the stage halted within five miles of the village which contained all that was dear to me in this world. I alighted from the carriage, paid my fare, treated the driver, and then bidding him good night, set out for my mother's house. I had not travelled far,

before the evening mists fell around me. I had to pick my way through a dark forest, before the village should greet my eyes—before I should hear " the voice of years which were gone."

I entered the wood. The bird was sunk to rest, the leaves gently murmured, and the hoarse voice of the frog came on the breeze from the neighboring marsh. Thick clouds of darkness hid the midsummer foliage of the trees, and not until I emerged upon the plain, did the moon slide from beneath the etherial curtain, and fling her soft light, wide and far, on rock and dell, on tree and precipice.

More sudden than the lightning's glare, did my glance dart upon that sweet spot, where the roof of my mother's cottage rose o'er the plain, the blessed haven, whither my wandering thoughts had so often centred.

The home of my Caroline I could not expect to see. The house was situate in a vale, and surrounded by cypresses.

It is not to be supposed, that the impressions of my mind were other than vivid, when, after so many dangers and toils, I looked upon every well known object which now presented upon my view. At first, a soft and pleasing melancholy spread its sweet influence over all my nerves—then, when the fondness of youthful love

embraced all which I beheld, the recollection came that I had been driven from this Paradise; that I was an unwelcome intruder upon these scenes; that peril and hardship had been my destiny; and that nature forbade me to mingle in the circles of my earliest acquaintance: and a feeling of utter destitution poisoned my happiness. Despair followed, and I cried aloud "Hated be the earth! hated be the inhabitants of this world! Be mine a life of vengeance!" But then I thought of Caroline! I cast my eyes towards the valley where stood her father's house. To my astonishment, the mansion stood naked, and alone. No tall tree straggled around the spot—no recumbent bough swung against the broad sash. A faint light glimmered from the window of Caroline's chamber—all else was dark and gloomy. I determined to hasten to my mother's house and inquire the cause of this change, should the good woman be still alive.

About half a mile from the cottage, whither I was hastening, lay the old burial ground, where many an old gray stone and sunken grave, the obliterated epitaph and faded willow, told the careless passer by, that "the end is at hand."

I was a sailor, but not very superstitious; yet when I beheld a white figure standing upright in the midst of the grave yard, I must confess, that

the old legends which I had so often heard in my childhood, rose fresh to my memory. But, in my state of mind, nothing was unwelcome which seemed to allude to another world, as I had conceived strong prejudices against this one.

I sprang over the wall, and approached the mysterious stranger. A cry of terror burst from the lips of this being as I approached, and had I not caught her in my arms, she would have fallen to the ground.

I held in my arms an inhabitant of our own sphere, and the faint light of the moon betrayed a countenance pale, but lovely, and interesting to the last degree. I endeavored to soothe the beautiful mourner, supposing that she had repaired to this spot to mourn in silence the death of some dear friend. At length she recovered, and modestly retired a short distance; when, fixing her eyes full on my face, she suddenly sprang in my arms, and hiding her face in my bosom, wept bitterly. "Charles! Charles!" cried she, "is it you? You are much altered, but I know you. Do you think I could ever forget you?" "Caroline!" cried I, "here at this hour! What has happened?"

"There they lie," said she, pointing towards two newly sodded graves—"Father and mother, both gone; and I left without a friend."

"Hast thou no father?" said I; "I will be thy protector. Is thy mother torn by death from thy side? I love thee with more fervor, more tenderness, than ever dwelt in the heart of father, mother, brother, or sister. You shall lay your head on my bosom, and sleep away all your cares. When you rise in the morning, your Charles shall be by your side; when you lie down at evening, he will tell the winds to go back to their caves in the mountain, lest they should disturb your slumbers."

"Charles," replied she, "it cannot be. When first you knew me, I was rich; now I am poor. The large trees, beneath whose shade we used to wander, are cut down, and my father's creditors have seized upon the house."

"Did they cut down those trees?" I exclaimed; "have they dared to enter that sacred domain? I'll go and kill them while they sleep!" As I spoke these words, I drew a pair of horse pistols from my belt, and Caroline looked at me with amazement.

"How wild you look!" cried she. "If I were not sure it was you, I should be frightened. You are grown so much taller, and then you talk of killing, too. Oh no, if you love Caroline, you must use no such dreadful words. You shall kill nobody, for then they would carry you

off and put you to death, and I should see you no more."

"True, Caroline," said I, "and when I am gone, who will love you?"

I accompanied this affectionate girl to a rude hut, where she now dwelt; and promising to see her in the morning, pursued my way, with a heavy heart, towards my mother's cot. I arrived at the well-known door. The light streamed from the windows, by which I learned that the good woman had not retired to rest.

My heart palpitated, as I knocked at the door. A heavy step announced the approach of one of the inmates of the cottage.

The door was opened by a man, who asked me what I wanted. I looked in his face—he was a stranger. A terrible suggestion presented itself to my mind, and I asked, with trembling lips, if Mrs. ——— was still living. I had no occasion to repeat the question, for my mother heard the sound of my voice. "It is my Charles!" cried she; and rushing to the door, I flew into her arms.

After the first transport of joy had in a measure subsided, my mother presented me to a second father, who appeared in the person of the stranger who had met me at the door. He embraced me courteously, and had all the appearance of a deserving man.

I now entered into a long conversation with my mother, and with my new father. I recounted the history of my adventures, and minutely described every incident that had occurred to me during my absence.

In the course of my conversation with my step-father, I observed several peculiarities in his manner, which did not strike me agreeably. However, I was disposed to think as favorably of him as possible, and therefore endeavored to persuade myself, that I had judged too rashly; and, at all events, I concluded that time would unfold all that was dark and intricate in his character.

At about 11 o'clock, my mother looked towards the watch which hung over the mantlepiece, my father began to nod, the cat ceased her purring, and I perceived that my congregation had begun to look wishfully towards the end of my story.

I therefore came to a halt, and signified my wish to retire.

I threw myself on the bed, but not to sleep. Caroline, the image of Caroline, bending in sorrow over the tomb of her parents, was still before me.

CHAPTER V.

"And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts."

Byron.

I REJOICED when the morning sun darted his earliest beams into my window; arose, and after swallowing a scanty breakfast, sallied forth to meet my bereaved and sorrowing maid.

I met her on the heath, coming forth to meet me. Her cheek was pale, as the mountain snow, and her silph-like form had almost dwindled to a shadow. Her large blue eyes, were for a moment lit up with peculiar brilliancy, as I took her hand, and enquired how she had passed the night. Then did the big tears gather in her eyes, her head drooped like a lily surcharged with dew, her burning cheek fell upon my shoulder, and she wept bitterly.

Is there, in human form, that being who is capable of ingratitude? Let him fly to the cave, hollowed by nature in the adamantine rock, hard as his ruthless heart. Let him fly to the mountain

and nestle with the viper; or gnarl for the bones of the dead with the hyena.

Had not Caroline been to me like a pool in a thirsty land? Had she not shielded me from the arrows of persecution, when her condition in life was far superior to mine? Could I then look calmly on, when adversity drove his fiercest bolts at her devoted head? Could I do other than to make her sufferings my own? What less could love demand, than that I should kindle with resentment against her father's prosecutors? What should be my reflections, when both gratitude and love pleaded in her behalf? But, when the recollection of my own wrongs brought the world in general under my malediction; and when I looked again upon the forlorn Caroline, who had suffered through the avaricious, proscribing spirit, of a self-interested community; when I gazed upon the last resource which friendship afforded, and saw *that* blighted by my abhorred race; then did I, indeed, turn a lurid and vindictive eye upon the abodes of humanity. "Were it not for you," thought I, "I would league with the arch enemy of mankind, and do such deeds as would out match the vilest! But for you, my Caroline, I would stalk through this vile world, like a genius of ruin, and bathe my hands deep in the blood of my fellow fiends!"

I now spent the greater part of my time with Caroline, and made her situation as comfortable as my resources would admit of. This was, by far, the happiest part of my life. As we have sat together upon some green bank, her head reclined upon my bosom, and her artless soul pouring forth its most secret treasures, in the language of simplicity and affection; then have I imagined that the curse was, for a moment, taken from the earth, and that heaven had permitted the long lost blessedness of happy Eden to revisit two spirits, who were so wholly abstracted from the concerns of a degenerate world.

Blissful moments! where are ye fled? For me there remains nothing, but disappointment and continual wo; harrassing cares, and irremediable misfortune! Thou, Caroline, hast long since passed away from the contemplation of human depravity; thou hast realized the full reward of virtue; and hast looked down with sorrow upon the waywardness of thy solitary lover, whom thou shalt never meet again.

While my halcyon moments were thus rolling swiftly away, they experienced occasional interruption from my step-father, who considered himself authorized to control my actions; but I felt myself too much of a man, to yield to his guidance. He wished to bind me to a trade; I

refused; and my mother took my part. She said I should do whatever suited my inclination.

Two Indian boys, from the Sandwich Islands, were making a great stir in the Christian world, about this time; and our neighbors manifested great zeal in the "good cause." I was pitched upon, as a suitable person to go abroad and convert the heathen; and the President* of a respectable institution proposed for me to go through college, and prepare myself for a minister. I thought that a collegiate education would be a fine thing, and, as regarded the preaching, it would be a long time before I should commence that business; therefore I consented to go to the Academy, and be fitted for college.

The Academy was about twenty miles from my mother's house, so that I could frequently pay her a visit, and meet with Caroline. She, poor girl, was much pleased with my prospects, but regretted that we were forced to remain separate so long at a time.

For the space of six months, I paid great attention to my studies, improved considerably in school learning, and became the favorite of all my tutors. I frequented respectable company, and all things bid fair for me.

* Fitch.

At length, there came to the Academy a company of young gentlemen, whose manners were very insinuating, and whose pockets were always open; but whose habits were very lax, and who liked a scrape much better than their studies.

They seemed highly interested in my history, and paid me unusual attention, because I had seen something of the world, and knew how to pass away the time in the most agreeable manner. After becoming initiated into the society of these wild youths, I neglected my studies abominably, and became foremost in every mischievous adventure.

I received frequent admonitions from the President, who coolly reasoned the case with me; mentioning that my conduct was unbecoming one whose high destiny had marked him out as an ambassador of grace to the heathen; that my capacity was by no means contemptible, and that, by strict attention to my several duties, I might one day become a great man! These admonitions were like water thrown into a sieve, and produced no good effect upon my mind. My companions led me on, "still more and more astray," until my conduct became so notorious, and my offences so glaring, that the President sent for me, and I appeared before him.

He reprimanded me severely. I replied, that if I could not get a living by preaching, I could go where I had been before, and place myself again in those situations, where he would not dare to show his head! He then drew a paper out of his pocket, containing a long list of all my misdeeds!—an account of broken windows, stolen watermelons, &c.,—which he showed me, and said he should come upon my step-father for damages. I told him he might come for damages, and be ———; and taking off my hat, made him a low bow, and departed for ever.

I took my bundle under my arm, and set off to go home on foot. On the way, I encountered some of my comrades, at a cake and beer shop. I told them I was going; they received the news with some surprise, and appeared affected at my departure.

They discharged the contents of their pockets into my scrip, and wishing me success, we drank together a parting glass.

Upon my arrival at home, I found trouble in the house. My mother had just given birth to a daughter, and the house was crowded with visiters and attendants.

My father now insisted upon binding me to a trade. My mother told me I might do as I pleased.

On the next morning, I went over to pay Caroline a visit. The old woman with whom she lived said that Caroline was a little indisposed, and had just fallen asleep, after passing a very troublesome and feverish night. She therefore advised me to defer my visit until the afternoon.

I retired with a heavy heart, and spent the time in wandering about in the woods, until the sun had passed his meridian, and begun to decline upon the western sky. I then went towards Caroline's cottage. As I drew near, I saw a handsome steed, richly caparisoned, standing at the door. I soon recognized him as the horse of the village doctor.

"Come in," said the old woman, as I reached the door, "Caroline wants to see you."

In a moment, I was at her side. She started up in her bed, and made an effort to receive me in her arms, but fell back exhausted. I fixed my eyes upon her countenance; it was flushed considerably; her eyes were sunken, and her form wasted. "Speak to me, Charles," said she, earnestly.

"Y-yes," faltered I, "I will speak to you."

"Tell me you love me," said she.

I sunk into a chair by her bed side, and covered my face with my hands.

"Charles," said she, "we have always loved each other here, and shall we not love each other better in that good place where Jesus is?"

Till then, I had only feared the worst. I was now convinced that all was over. Starting suddenly upon my feet, I fixed my riveted gaze upon the last tie which bound me to the earth. The arrow of death had been aimed at her vitals. I saw her about to leave me, disconsolate and alone. I tore my hair in agony. I seized her in my arms, and pressing her violently to my heart, swore that no mortal power should part us; that one grave should receive us, and that the stroke which severed her from earth, should unite me to her for ever! "Charles!" said she, "you must remain a few years longer on the earth. You have something yet to do. You are preparing for a good work. You shall tell the wild Indian that Jesus is his saviour; and then, full of faith and good works, you will meet me in heaven!"

These words smote to my soul like the fiery bolt of Jove. I gradually relaxed my hold, and fell insensible to the floor.

Ere the sun rose, Caroline had silently passed away. I was carried home, in a state of stupefaction. For three days, I neither spoke nor partook of any nourishment.

On the fourth, my recollection returned in full force. My mother called me to her bed side. She reasoned with me upon the fallacy of all earthly joys; told me it was a world of disappointment; that grief was unavailing, and that I should bear my sorrows like a man.

I heard her as though I heard her not. I knew that she was a stranger to my feelings. I refused all consolation, and rushed forth into the woods, to lament, unobserved, my cruel fate. After rambling abroad the greater part of the day, my steps instinctively directed themselves towards the cottage of Caroline.

I found the old woman sitting by the door, spinning. She stopped her wheel at my approach, and came out to meet me.

"Well, my dear boy," said she, "I hope you feel more reconciled."

I answered not. She drew me into the house, and having seated me in a chair, placed herself on a stool by my side.

"Caroline was a sweet girl," said she. "She is gone to a better place. O! she departed full of assurance! She made a peaceful end, and is now looking down and smiling upon us."

"Do you believe there is a God?" said I.

"Most certainly," replied the old woman.

"Then he is a very cruel one," said I.

"No, no," replied she, "he is not, he is not. Did you love Caroline?"

"You know I did," was my reply.

"What do you think of this world?" continued she.

"A place of torment," I replied, "where we have been placed on purpose that we might suffer every thing."

"Then," said she, "if this world is so miserable a place, do you wish that Caroline should remain here, to suffer through a long life? She has been early transplanted to a blissful region; let your ambition be aroused, so to conduct yourself that you may meet her there."

With such trite reasonings of old fashioned philosophy did the old lady beset me. I was silenced, but not satisfied.

Had she labored to convince me that Caroline was unworthy my regard; had she proved to me that Caroline was base, fickle, and selfish, she might possibly have succeeded; but to tell me only what I already knew—that she was innocence itself, pure as a seraph, and worthy of the most exalted station in heaven—but added to my misery, and caused the deeper regret that she had been torn from my side, and added to the number of those whose whole business is to glorify God, who was sufficiently glorious without

any of her assistance; while I, poor, lonely wretch, stood in need of her heavenly presence!

Our conversation was much protracted; the old woman was loquacious, (as what woman is not,) and the shades of evening fell around us.

I thanked the old woman for her kindness, and left the cottage. I repaired to the grave of Caroline. But to convey to the reader an idea of the mixed emotions that distracted my breast when I entered the churchyard, where late I met her mourning the loss of her parents, would require volumes; and then, no adequate description would be given. I opened the large gate, which swung heavily to again, and thundered against the post. I am not trying to be sublime; I wish to be natural; and every event which occurred to me that night, made such an impression upon my mind, that I shall record it.

I scarcely dared to look about me, for fear of seeing the sandy heap which I sought. I stumbled upon it before I was aware. Thick clouds stood in the heavens, and the white heap was, therefore, more conspicuous on that account. Most of the surrounding graves were green; the dandelion, the daisy, and the wild flower, adorned them; Caroline's grave was naked and bare. The pearly drops of affectionate sorrow soon bespangled it; but she slept soundly, and

although her name resounded through the air all that dreary night, she answered not.

I called aloud upon the beautified spirit; I implored her to revisit once more these aching eyes; still silence echoed back my plaint, and the death-cold maid arose not from her earthy bed. Despair answered, "she will not come!" and then, ah, then! I knelt upon her tomb, and the broad heavens bore witness to my vow, that neither love nor friendship should enter again this desolate heart. I was an outcast upon the earth; I was insulated from my fellows; and henceforth I would seek but to redress my injuries; to deal vengeance, which my wrongs dictated. Thus I swore, and the reader will find that I have not perjured myself.

CHAPTER VI.

"So farewell, Hope! and with Hope, farewell Fear!
Farewell Remorse! All good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good."

Milton.

In the morning, I returned to my mother's cottage; once loved, now hated.

I sat near a window, with my head reclining upon my hand, in sad reflection, when a pedler hove in sight.

He was a sturdy, broad shouldered man, with large whiskers, Roman nose, and an eye that seemed to pierce the very hearts of men. He came briskly up the lane; and, spite of his enormous pack, walked nearly upright, apparently insensible to the load upon his back.

As he drew near the house, I saw something striking in his countenance, which seemed to declare him not altogether the man whom he pretended to be. In fact, he looked like any thing else but a pedler. He entered our cottage, and exposed a goodly quantity of silks, satins, calicoes, and various trinkets, alluring to female

eyes. He seemed to understand his business tolerably well, but did not haggle much about the prices, and had all the appearance of sterling honesty; praising his goods no more than truth would bear, and in several instances showing a fault in his goods, which would otherwise have escaped the purchaser's eye.

He entertained us with a variety of pleasing anecdotes, and although his behavior was marked with punctilious civility, he seemed to feel himself quite at home, and amongst his friends.

He was invited to abide with us all night, and accepted the invitation.

Owing to the condition of the family, the pedler and I were forced to sleep in one bed.

I lit him to his chamber at about nine o'clock in the evening.

In undressing, I discovered a belt around his middle. He saw me notice it, and remarked carelessly, that there was something contained in the belt, which he wished to keep pretty private.

He laid a pair of pistols upon the table, and told me that they were very necessary in travelling; and began to describe their use to me.

I soon gave him to understand that I had seen such things before, and was not altogether

unacquainted with the effects they produced upon animal life. He seemed then to regard me with considerable attention; entered into a long conversation with me, and succeeded in gaining my confidence.

He said that he found me to be a person who understood more about men and manners than he could have expected in one so young. He undid his belt, and showed me an enormous roll of bank notes. "These bills," said he, "are all spurious." He then told me that if I would go with him, I should make my fortune in a short time.

I was fully prepared to set out upon any desperate adventure, and immediately consented to commence depredations upon a community whom I considered as lawful prey to any one who had the courage to proceed.

"Did Almighty God create the world for a favorite few; or has he loaded it with trees, herbs, fruits, grain, gold, and silver, for the benefit of all his creatures? Does an hour's attendance in a counting-house, a few black marks on paper, or a little trick and contrivance on the Exchange, entitle one class of men to appropriate to their use, what God hath given to all men in general? Why is not a public robber as honorable as a modern merchant?

The one plunders his neighbor openly and manfully; the other draws the resources of the community into his purse by means of craft and deception. The weapon of the one is a pistol and balls; the other uses the goose quill and paper; both equally fatal in their tendency. What matters it whether you are plundered by the day book and ledger, or lose the bubble gold at the pistol's mouth?"

With such arguments did the mock pedler endeavor to reconcile me to his line of life; to which I was already sufficiently disposed.

In the morning I told my mother, that as I was now out of employment, and the pedler wished a companion, I thought I could not do better than to accompany him in his rambles and learn his business.

She told me to do whatever suited my inclination; but advised me, by no means, to go to sea again, nor be gone so long from home.

We then set out on our journey. Think you that my conscience was harrowed, when I first commenced my unlawful career? I had left my conscience at the grave of Caroline. Compassion for my fellow creatures was buried beneath the load of injuries which had blasted my hopes, and sent my only beloved to an untimely grave.

My companion and I travelled three days on

foot, stopping occasionally to sell something to the rustics, and on the third day we reached a small village, where was a great preparation going forward for a horse race. A large concourse of people was here assembled, and we thought it a fine opportunity to shove off some of our paper money.

We paraded around amongst the crowd, like two honest, simple pedlers, who were anxious to dispose of our wares, and go home about our business.

We set up an auction to dispose of the contents of the pack. A large crowd gathered round us, and when they paid us for our goods with large bills, we gave them change in very good blotting paper.

As our sale grew dull, we repaired to the gaming tables, where we parted with a considerable quantity of our bills in the course of the afternoon.

Towards evening, an old countryman, who was much intoxicated, swore that he would sell his horse and wagon, together with the cakes which the latter contained, for twenty-five dollars.

Hereupon my friend the pedler called several persons to witness the sale. He then said that he was desirous of purchasing a horse and wagon, but that he scorned to take advantage of

a drunken man, although the crime of drunkenness was very great, as could be proved from holy scripture; but that he would give the man a fair price for his equipage. "I will give," said he, "forty dollars for the horse and wagon alone; he may keep his cakes, for they will do for his family to eat."

The standers by applauded the strict probity and honor of my friend the pedler. We discharged the wagon of its contents, and paid the farmer his money, according to scripture: "silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee."

We then brushed up the horse, put the pack into the wagon, and set out for Quebec. The pedler told me that we should soon enter a village, in which were some intelligent persons; and that, when there, we had better "carry our heads pretty straight, aud put on a sublime appearance."

That village we soon entered, and, during our stay, disposed of no money but such as was genuine. We made but a short tarry, as we had received news of a Cattle Fair, which was to be held in a little town at the distance of twenty miles, which Fair we were desirous of attending, for tbe purpose of shoving off some of our spurious bills.

Nothing remarkable occurred until our arrival at the scene of action.

During the evening, news arrived at the hotel where we put up, that a gang of thieves had been taken who were carrying stolen horses into Canada. To my companion this was unwelcome news; but why he should feel any interest in horse stealers, I could not conjecture.

When we retired to bed, the pedler made me acquainted with some circumstances of which I was before ignorant, and which surprised me not a little.

He said, that he was only a humble member of a large confederacy, which carried on its operations in every part of the United States; that merchants, traders, horse jockeys, and every description of men, comprised the league; some were employed in running false coin, some in stealing horses, and some were open, honest, highwaymen! He stated, that a son of the famous Stephen Burroughs was at the head of the confederacy, and that the head quarters was in Canada. These horse thieves who had been taken, he said, were engaged with him in the confederacy.

We therefore concluded to run off all the money we could at the gambling tables, in the morning, and make the best of our way to the

lines. At Kingston, some of the pedler's accomplices were engaged in a hopeful scheme; he would, therefore, take that place in his route, and if his companions had been successful in obtaining money, would repair to the grand depot.

CHAPTER VII.

"There are more ways than one to kill a cat."

We rose early on the next morning, and went to the Fair. We spread out the contents of our pack upon a table, and set up an auction.

Our wares went off very well, until about one o'clock in the afternoon, when my companion went a short distance to get some money changed, leaving me to sell the small articles in his absence.

I was standing upon a chair, taking bids, and knocking down the goods, with an air of great consequence, when I was suddenly interrupted by a white headed old gentleman, with spectacles on his nose, who gently tapped me on the shoulder, and asked me to be so good as to defer the sale of my goods a moment, as he wished to speak with me.

I requested some of the by-standers to look out for my wagon and other things, while I spoke with the old fellow.

The stranger then took me a little aside, and, raising his spectacles over his forehead, fixed his eyes upon me in such a scrutinizing manner, that I began to wish myself a little farther off.

"Have not you a companion, my young man," said he, "or are you hired to do business alone, in this manner?"

I told him that I was a poor boy, travelling on my way, when my companion took me up and agreed to pay my expenses, if I would assist him in his traffic.

"Where is your comrade?" said he.

"He will return in a moment," replied I, "but if you desire it, I will run and call him." So saying, I very innocently started to go in search of him; when a heavy hand fell upon my shoulder, a harsh voice bade me to "stop," and two constables were at my side in an instant. The officers of justice conveyed me to my wagon, and kept me there, in close custody.

In the mean time, the old white headed man produced a counterfeit note which he had received from my friend, the pedler, and declared it spurious. The crowd now increased, and I was hemmed in by the gaping throng on all sides.

I now awoke to a full sense of my condition. I was in hope that my companion might escape,

and determined that nothing should be found upon me to strengthen the suspicion with which I was now regarded.

I therefore assumed an air of perfect indifference, and carelessly asked one of the by-standers for a chew of tobacco. I was immediately accommodated with it; and, while I handed a half dollar to another, and requested him to buy me a glass of brandy, I slily slipped the tobacco into my sleeve, and thrust all the spurious notes which I had into my cheek, and commenced chewing them briskly. I did this with so much slight, that no one perceived the manœuvre. Presently, the brandy arrived; I drank some of it, gave the remainder to the by-standers, and commenced a conversation with them, in which they became so much interested in my behalf, that many of them declared their firm conviction of my innocence, that I had been deluded by a villain, and that I should be allowed to go about my business.

A long search was made for the pedler, but he had succeeded in making his escape, while the horse, wagon, and pack, remained with me; but fortunately no bad bills.

I was taken to the hotel, and kept under custody until morning.

When the landlord perceived there was suffi-

cient remaining in the pack to recompense him for his trouble, he locked it up safely, and then consented to take care of my horse.

Next morning a mock court was held, wherein I was interrogated respecting the pedler and his affairs. I assumed a face of innocence, and answered that the man was a stranger to me, that he had always used me well, and that I did not believe he was capable of the crime of issuing counterfeit bills. I was on the point of being discharged, when the landlord came in and produced a ten dollar note which he had received from the pedler, and which, upon inspection, proved to be of domestic manufacture.

Several other persons next appeared, who produced counterfeit bills which we had given them, and the news arrived that the whole country had been deluged with this trash. The people at once became violently enraged against me, and I was in danger of being torn to pieces by the mob.

My arms were forthwith pinioned behind me, and I was thrust into a room by myself. I was, by no means, lonesome; for visitors called upon me from all parts of the country, every day. The landlord said that, as the county jail was at some distance, he was willing that I should remain at his house. He might well afford to

keep me there, as I brought him considerable custom. But the public voice decided to the contrary, and the sheriff came to convey me to prison.

When I found that there was no alternative, I begged them to unpinion me, and allow me to wash myself, and put on some clean clothes, before I started for the jail. My petition was granted. In going to the well for water, I threw the pistols which I had carried continually in my bosom, into the well. I then cleaned myself, and declared myself in readiness to set out. A large wagon, drawn by two stout horses, was driven up to the door. The sheriff and driver sat on the front seat. Four sturdy countrymen lifted me into the hinder part of the wagon, and then placed themselves on the seats behind the sheriff and driver. These fellows were armed with strong, massy clubs.

As the jail was sixteen miles off, we did not expect to reach it until sundown. At ten o'clock in the forenoon we set out.

We proceeded about twelve miles without meeting with any remarkable occurrence, when we came to a low marshy place, where much timber had been cut, and where a large gang of men had been at work rafting timber to send down the North River. Now it was a lonely, deserted place, and we scarcely met a passenger.

The sound of the woodman's axe was heard at a distance, and the peasant's cottage smoked far in the horizon. Suddenly the driver stopped his horses, and said, with great phlegm, "I swow! that man is so —— drunk that he won't get out of the road."

The sheriff and my herculean guards then arose, and leaned forward to see the formidable object who dared to stop the course of justice. I also stretched out my neck to see him. I beheld a wretched looking object, a few yards ahead of us, apparently completely overpowered by liquor, sitting in the middle of the road. On one side of him lay a torn handkerchief, filled with fragments of bread and cheese. By the side of the handkerchief stood a brown jug. A little nearer to him, was his axe: at a short distance lay his hat, and one shoe; while an old rusty musket leaned against the fence. He seemed careless and insensible to the approach of our lumbering wheels.

The sheriff ordered the men to jump out of the wagon and "remove the drunken brute out of the way." The whole of my guards leaped from the wagon, and laying hold of the poor fellow very unceremoniously, and dragging him to the gutter, there left him.

Our driver, who seemed possessed of some

humanity, said that the horses belonged to his employer, and that he knew him to be a man of some feeling, and that if this poor man was taken into the wagon and conveyed to the next tavern, no harm would result from it ; but, on the other hand, it might be the means of saving his life.

The sheriff objected, but the driver was resolute, and my guards were forced to lug the fellow to the wagon ; and after considerable tugging and swearing, they succeeded in lifting him into the hind part of the wagon, and placing him by my side.

They then proceeded to pick up his things. First, the musket was placed in the wagon, then his hat and shoe, his axe, and bread and cheese. The brown jug was then brought forward, which proved to be full of rum. Two of the countrymen were proceeding to divest it of its contents, when the driver called for his share. It was presented to him. He took a hearty dram, and handed the jug to the sheriff, who did honor to Bacchus in several large swallows. The jug was passed round, until it was completely emptied of its contents. " Drive on fast, my boy, the sun is getting low !" cried the sheriff, who already began to feel the effects of his potation. The driver flourished his whip, all hands were in high glee, and the wheels went merrily round.

My fellow passenger was all this time lying by my side, and seemed to be fast asleep.

We soon got into a narrow road, lined on both sides with thick underwood, and the forest thickened around us, while the sound of the water fall murmured at a distance.

The drunken man turned his face towards me. He slowly opened his eyes, and behold, my old friend, the pedler! He seemed to be regaining his faculties very fast, but unobserved by any one excepting myself. Perceiving that he was unnoticed by the guards, he drew a long knife, and cut the thongs with which I was bound. He then chafed my legs a little where they had been pressed by the cords, and asked me if I had the use of my limbs. I replied in the affirmative. Then placing a pistol in my hand, he said, "Leap out of the wagon; I will follow you; but do not fire unless you see occasion. If you do fire, do not shoot at random."

I sprang out of the hind part of the wagon, backwards, and lit upon my hands and feet. The pedler immediately followed me. We ran directly into the woods.

How long these good people pursued their journey without discovering their loss, I am unable to determine, as I have never gone to any of them since, to make the enquiry. After

we had got a little distance into the woods, we halted, and the pedler gave me an account of all his proceedings since he parted from me at the auction table. The substance of his narrative was as follows:—While going to the hotel to change his money, he overheard two men discoursing warmly upon the subject of the counterfeit money which he had issued. He thought there was no time to be lost. He hastily provided himself with a half pint of rum, and was about going out of the house, when the same grey headed old man, with spectacles, who first took cognizance of me, entered the hotel. He was the mail carrier; he had just arrived from the place where the horse thieves had been taken; had heard the confession of one of them, and had brought away a counterfeit bill for a sample. This old fellow told his tale with great volubility, and alarmed the minds of his hearers.

The pedler now thought it time for him to make his escape. He fled to the woods, where he found an old man, who lived in the mountain, gathering a yellow grass called gold thread. He exchanged clothes with this man, and took up his profession; bringing his arms full of this grass into the village every night, and listening to the village gossips, if haply he might hear any thing of me. By this means he obtained tidings

of me every night. He had resolved, that in case of my being taken to prison, he would repair to head quarters in Canada, and obtain a supply of men, with whom he would return and force the jail. But when he learned that the sheriff had started with me, he concluded to make trial of another experiment.

He hired a horse, and proceeded with all possible despatch to the spot which he had destined to be the scene of his enterprise.

He left the horse in the woods, and obtained of a chopper the clothes and other requisites for the accomplishment of the scheme.

He then climbed a high tree, and looked out for our approach. Several wagons passed, but he knew they were not the thing. At length he heard the rumbling wheels of our vehicle. He saw it approach, and at once knew, by the appearance of its passengers, that I was there, "hard and fast." He then proceeded upon his plan, the development of which the reader hath already seen.

Night now drew on apace. We formed a couch of hemlock boughs. He asked me how long I could live without food, as it would be hazardous to venture out amongst the inhabitants, who were, by this time, on the alert, and eager to seize us. I told him I was hungry,

faint, and weary; but that I would bear up as long as I could.

"In the morning," said he, "I will put you in the way of relieving some of your wants." I then lay down and slept, while he watched.

When I awoke, he commenced a conversation with me. He said that three or four Indian runners belonged to the confederacy; that he had several times accompanied them on their excursions through the woods, and he had learned from them, the use of ground nuts, checker berries, and winter greens.

At break of day we started again. We subsisted on what the wood afforded; and indeed those simple productions of nature relieved me much, and made me quite satisfied with my profession, and I concluded that the motto was a good one which says, "anything for an honest living."

We subsisted in this manner four days, excepting that we occasionally shot a few squirrels, and caught several fish.

At length we emerged from the forest, upon the wide shore of a lake.

"Now," said my companion, "could we succeed in crossing this lake, and reach yonder shore, which lies at the distance of fifteen miles, it would save us a deal of trouble."

We travelled along this shore, about four

miles, without meeting a solitary individual. After a time, we came to an inlet of the lake, where were large pieces of drift wood. "Here," said the pedler, "we must commence our labor, and build a raft."

I took the long knife and went in search of pliant twigs to serve as withs, while the pedler employed himself in dragging out such pieces of plank and boards as he thought best fitted for making a raft. We labored incessantly at this business, until the calls of hunger grew loud and bold. With a pin from my shirt collar, I made a fish hook; with bark from the basswood tree, I twisted a line; and with worms that I dug from the earth, I allured the finny tribe to the barbless hook.

At sunset I brought my companion five small fishes. He had so far succeeded with the raft, that we concluded to venture ourselves upon it. We struck fire with our pistols, I scraped some lint from my shirt, which served as tinder, and we soon had a respectable fire. Here, on a flat rock, we cooked our fish, and made a hearty supper. We then moored our raft with the fish line doubled, and spread hemlock boughs along for a bed. Before we went to sleep, my companion recounted to me some of his adventures, one of which may be interesting to the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Charge, Chester, charge! On! Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

Sir Walter.

I PROMISED the reader an anecdote, at the conclusion of the last chapter, and as I have already made it apparent that I am a very honest man, he will be sure that I shall not disappoint him.

Thus said the pedler:—"Before I got promoted to the dignity of a counterfeiter, I was occasionally obliged to have recourse to some lower calling for my support; such as finding money before it was lost, disburthening heavy purses, and sometimes, of a winter's evening, when my fingers were cold, thrusting them into a neighbor's pocket instead of my own, by mistake. These employments steadily pursued had gained me the name of a regular man, who kept steady at his business, and knew how to turn a penny to his advantage. Some of the narrow chances and hair breadth 'scapes which I had run, produced in many minds a belief that the devil sometimes helped me through, and I was more

feared than loved by all who heard of me. It chanced, about this time, that on an evening in summer, I had the misfortune to be found in a country store, after hours. They beset me in such a manner that escape was out of the question, and I was taken up, my arms pinioned, and taken to the hotel.

"The news of my arrest spread far and wide, and the house was crowded with spectators, mained in this situation all night and the ensu- anxious to have 'a peep at a wizard!' I re- ing day. At about nine o'clock in the evening, the throng had lessened considerably. My guards, consisting of about nine men, and a few visiters occasionally passing in and out, compre- hended the whole of my company. Ever since I had been taken, I had been casting about in my mind for some plan of escape. I now hit upon one which I thought would answer my purpose well. I had about my person a considerable quantity of gunpowder. I appeared reconciled to my situation, and asked the sheriff if he would allow me something to drink. It was granted. I then asked permission to have the use of my arms. They were then unpinioned, and I was allowed the liberty to walk in the middle of the floor. I entered into conversation with my guards, rela- ted some curious anecdotes, and appeared lively.

We thus passed the time until about half past eleven, when the sheriff happened to mention that it was the last of July; whereupon I started, and sunk into a chair, like one blasted by a stroke from heaven. Every one in the room turned pale, and eagerly enquired into the cause of my agitation. I told them I feared they would know too soon. This excited their curiosity to so great a degree, that they insisted upon knowing what was the matter. I requested more brandy, which was immediately given me. I drank it off, and commenced pacing the room, apparently under the influence of the most painful emotions, while to the repeated interrogatories of my guards I appeared almost insensible. While thus walking about the room, I commenced scattering my gunpowder about the floor, particularly under the table and near the door where my guards were generally stationed. I anxiously enquired the time of night. I was answered that it lacked fifteen minutes of twelve. I then became terribly affected; looked wildly around me; and in accents of distraction, begged to know if there was any minister near, or any one who could pray. This question took great effect upon my auditors, who began to look almost as wild as I did. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I presume that some of you know, and all are

pretty well assured, that I have had connections with the evil one! It is too true. On this night, at twelve o'clock, the term of our league expires. I was proceeding to enquire for a Bible, when the low rumbling of distant thunder growled like the approach of the arch demon himself. One of those thunder showers, so common in the nothern states at this time of the year, was fast approaching; so that, seconded by nature, how could I fail of victory? When the sound of thunder was heard, which seemed to seal the truth of my story, and to be the precursor of the devil's flying away with my carcase, a panic struck the boldest of my guards. Some ran to hunt for a Bible, one attempted to pray, and the rest threw open the doors, to give his Satanic majesty room to decamp, fearing that otherwise he would carry away one side of the house, and they should have to pay the damages to the landlord, who was by this time aroused, and entering the room in his shirt and flannel nightcap, was at first taken for the old Scratch himself, until his trembling limbs and quivering lips bespoke him a fellow of not quite so much spunk as the Fiend who waged war with the Eternal. I then asked for a bottle of brandy, saying that I wished to go out of the world happy. 'Help yourself,' said the pallid land-

lord, pointing to his bar. I did so, and in the mean time did not forget the drawer. But now the clock is on the eve of striking twelve, and the thunder rolls and rattles along the heavens as if Jehovah and his archangels were playing a game at nine pins over head! I came out of the bar just as the clock began to strike. In their terror the guards had overturned and extinguished several of the candles, and a broad flash of lightning, accompanied by a clap of thunder, which split the eternal heavens asunder, glared with unearthly radiance, and blinded all in the room. I now knew that no time was to be lost, and as the eleventh stroke resounded from the clock, I threw some of the remaining powder upon a lighted lamp in the fireplace, and as the clock struck twelve this communicated with the powder on the floor, and in a moment the room was in a blaze, and I rushed from the door in the smoke, and made good my escape. The inhabitants of the town firmly believed that I had been carried off by the devil, and cheated the hangman of his fee."

We now fell into a deep sleep, from which we woke not, until the sun rose over the eastern hills.

After partaking of a slight repast, which consisted of ground nuts, checker berries, and

the remains of our last night's supper, we embarked upon the raft, and by the assistance of long poles and rough paddles, succeeded in reaching the opposite shore at about dusk. As we landed, my companion told me that there were inhabitants at the distance of four or five miles.

We accordingly turned our raft adrift, and proceeded in the direction which he pointed out. We soon discovered lights, and attained to a well trodden road. The pedler told me that we were now out of all danger, and that only one thing troubled him. "My dress," said he, "hardly becomes a man who would ask alms, and is much less befitting one who offers to pay for good accommodations."

We now drew near a large mansion, and, by the feeble light of a clouded moon, we were able to distinguish several objects about this house which bore a resemblance to human beings. As we came up to the building, we perceived that what we mistook for men, were nothing more than a number of pieces of clothes which the washwoman had left on the line to bleach in the nightly dews. "A fair prospect!" said my comrade, "and although I despise petty thefts, yet 'exchange is no robbery,' 'lay down a feather, and pick up a goose.' I shall venture, this time, to break through those strict rules of

honesty which I have always observed." So saying, the pedler sprang hastily over the wall, leaving me on the look out. He presently returned attired in a light suit of clothes, and asked me if I did not wish to change my linen also, as he had brought me a clean shirt, and as another good chance would not probably present itself again. I embraced the opportunity ; and we then went briskly forward, in hopes of falling in with a rum-post, which my companion said lay a short distance before us.

There we arrived in good time, and after having reconnoitred the inmates through the window, judged it prudent to enter. We went in like two weary travellers, glad to find a resting place for the night. We refreshed ourselves; and paying some attention to the discourse carried on by several men present, could hear nothing in relation to our affairs.

My companion then began to enquire the price of stock, saying that he was lately from Connecticut, and wished to purchase a large drove of cattle. The landlord, finding that my companion was a man of business, showed us great attention. We soon retired to rest, having paid our reckoning beforehand.

At about three o'clock in the morning, I was aroused by my companion, who said it was best

to be a jogging, as the gentleman might not like the exchange of clothes, and enquiries might be set on foot which would prove detrimental to our prospects. We applied ourselves to our journey, and soon arrived at another village, where we took the stage. At night we arrived at a large village, where the pedler fitted himself out with a fine suit of clothes, becoming a gentleman of his abilities, and I officiated as his servant.

Nothing material occurred until we reached the Canadian lines. "Now," said my companion, "if we have good luck, I shall introduce you to the company of several of our old comrades, and although you have no other acquaintance belonging to the confederacy but myself, yet I trust that my introduction will be deemed sufficient to procure you a good reception. But as they are often very quarrelsome, especially when some of the leaders chance to be absent, you may see occasion for alarm; but be not disturbed on account of their boisterous manners. Stick close to me, and I will bring you off well." I replied, that I had seen too much of such work to be scared at trifles. We slowly approached the place of rendezvous. The night was dark, and the prospect dismal in the extreme. Desolation brooded upon the crags and precipices which on all sides environed us. The boding

owl hooted aloud, and the breeze solemnly roared through the tops of dark pines and craggy firs.

We were passing round a high mountain by a winding path so narrow and obstructed that I was forced to cling to the skirts of my companion's coat, for fear of missing my way, and precipitating myself into one of those gloomy abysses which yawned beneath our feet. My companion suddenly stopped, and turning to me, asked if I had ever tried the new pistols which he purchased at the village. I replied in the negative; but added, that I believed they were good. "Draw the charge," said he, "wipe the pan, and load them afresh, for at this place there is frequently more occasion for fire-arms than you are aware." He then mentioned to me that we were near the place of our destination, and said that if any of the leaders were within, he should introduce me as a young and promising genius, from whom much might be expected, and that he doubted not they would reward me for my past achievements. He also said that he should be obliged to give an account of the bills which he had received, and return in all those which he still held in his possession.

At about eleven o'clock at night, we stopped under a high rock. The pedler clapped his fingers to his mouth and gave a shrill whistle.

No answer was returned; a death-like silence reigned; and I was inclined to believe that my friend had lost his way in the depths of an interminable forest. No aperture in the solid rock, no appearance of human labor was visible, and it seemed as though no footstep had ever passed that way before us. My friend repeated the signal, but with no better success. He gave the third whistle, and was immediately answered by a similar salutation. We then proceeded on about twenty-five yards, when upon turning an angle of the rock, we met half a dozen men advancing towards us. Some words which I could not understand passed between my friend and the strangers, when they greeted him with every mark of friendship and esteem.

We all set forward together, until we came to a thicket, which we plunged through, when the din of voices broke upon my ear, and the mouth of a deep cavern, hollowed by nature and enlarged by art, presented itself to my view. We entered the cavern, which contained about sixty persons; some of whom were gambling; others drinking and carousing, while the rest stalked silently apart, absorbed in their own reflections.

To one of the latter class, a tall, well dressed, moody man, my friend addressed himself. I was immediately introduced to him. My friend and

he communed apart a little while, when I was called upon to approach. "A fine youth!" said the stranger, who was no less a person than the head leader of the confederacy; "you might have been employed in lucrative service, and have done well for yourself, had you applied before; but it is now all over. You must therefore be content to remain with us to-night, and to-morrow you must leave us, and know us no more."

"He shall share my fortune," said my friend. The leader motioned silence with his hand, and continued: "All those who are not here by twelve o'clock to-morrow, must look out for themselves. I shall divide with you as soon as circumstances will permit, and this place must then be abandoned; for there is not a newspaper but teems with accounts of our spurious bills, and the disclosures of that —— rascal who attempted to betray us." He then immediately withdrew into an inner apartment, while I and my friend were invited to seat ourselves at a rude table.

My friend told me that we could now enjoy ourselves without restraint, and as we had long fasted, we helped ourselves freely to what the table afforded.

Mirth and conviviality now reigned triumphant, and perfect good feeling seemed to pervade the hearts of all who were present. Such

was the state of things, when a shrill whistle was heard at the door, and a gang of about twenty hardy adventurers suddenly entered.

The leader of this little band was a ferocious looking desperado. His followers distributed themselves about the cavern in a careless manner, while he stalked up to a table, took several glasses of liquor, and called for the head leader. The latter appeared, and an altercation immediately took place between these two chieftains. The one just arrived said that he had heard some news which convinced him of the necessity for an immediate division of property. The other insisted on deferring it until the next day.

"I have travelled hard three days and three nights," said the ruffian, "to reach the cave, at the risk of my neck; and am determined that my head shall not be made a button for a halter, as long as there is a chance of escape!" The head leader asked him, if he was so afraid of his neck, what business he had in the confederacy.

"At least," quickly retorted the other, "I am not afraid of you; I will risk my life with you, at all events."

The head leader then clapped his hand to a pistol in his breast, and told the other he feared him not, and that if he did not conform to the rules of the confederacy, he would blow his brains out!

"Give me an equal chance!" cried the other; but ere he could say more, or cock his piece, the head leader fired. The other fell back, shrieking in the agonies of death.

At sight of this, all started on their feet, and although they still felt some respect for their commander, yet many of them threw out threats of vengeance, while others took the opposite side; the quarrel became general, and the clamor of voices was soon deepened by the report of pistols, and the cries of the wounded. Lights were extinguished, bottles broken, and confusion reigned. I clung to the arm of my friend, when a tall Frenchman came towards me, and drawing the sword from his cane, exclaimed, "You have no connection with us;" then, staring the pedler in the face, "it is by this means our plans are ruined; by introducing your vagabond strangers!"

My friend, who was not easily alarmed, shoved the assailant violently backwards, who recovering himself, rushed towards me, crying, "I will at least stop the breath of that —— baboon."

He then drew back his weapon to make a thrust at me, when I mechanically fell upon my knees; and my friend, throwing himself before me, received the sword, which slightly grazed his arm, and entered deep into his left side. "You

have done it for me," said he to the Frenchman, and instantly sunk at my feet. Exasperated to madness, I drew a pistol from my bosom, as quick as lightning, and discharged its contents in his breast. "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, and rolled in the dust by the side of my fallen deliverer. The Frenchman died instantly; but the eyes of my friend were fixed upon me with a look of recognizance. The noise, the uproar, and the contest was removed at a little distance from the spot which I occupied. Every one was too much engaged to interest himself with the concerns of another, and I was too deeply affected with my own private griefs to remark what was passing around me. Perceiving that my friend still lived, a vague hope ran through my mind; I threw myself upon his bleeding body, and kissed his quivering lips. "Save yourself!" he exclaimed; "save yourself, if possible. There is some money in my pocket; dissolution is near; my wound is mortal. This reflection cheers me, I have saved you, and have never injured a poor man. There is a large quantity of money buried in the town of ——. Oh God!"— He expired. I saw that his spirit had fled. I relinquished his hand, and groping my way through the riotous throng, I reached the door, and hastily emerged into the open air. I soon

found the path, but dangers environed me, which "checked my fearful steps," and I concluded it was safer to lie down at the first convenient place which offered, and sleep until the rising sun should guide me on my way.

I therefore found a soft couch upon some weeds, behind a large bush, which screened me from observation. As I was much wearied, I slept soundly until the sun had gained a considerable height above the horizon.

I then arose and gained the path, and was enabled to pick my way along without much difficulty. I had travelled about half a mile in this manner, when I met a couple of ruffians who approached me *sans ceremonie*, and ordered me to halt.

One of them said that he recollected me; that I was in the fray in the cavern last night; that he was sure my name was not on the books, and he would put me past doing them any injury, by disclosing their secrets. His companion stayed his hand, and said he wished to ask me some questions. The other was obstinate, and gave me a blow which deprived me of all sense for a time.

When I recovered my recollection, I found myself lying a little distance from the path upon some long grass; my pockets were rifled. I was destitute and alone.

I got upon my feet, and staggered into the path; I found myself unable to proceed, and returned to my grassy couch. I lay down again, and a throng of reflections rushed into my soul, which I vainly strove to quell. I was young, very young; but few summers and winters had yet passed over my head, and in that short time what had I not experienced?

I had been introduced, while a mere child, into the busy world; had seen the strife at St. Domingo, and wore the galling chain at Laguira, ere my artless soul knew the machinations of a deceitful world. Since that, I had stood by the side of the roaring cannon while my companions fell around me; I had faced death in his most hideous forms. And since then I had seen my loved Caroline yield her last breath; I had wept at the grave of the only one I truly respected! My friend the pedler had died in my arms.—I was left alone in the wide world, a friendless, perishing boy!

CHAPTER IX.

Loose the strings of your purses: I am a man-midwife, and will insure your gold a safe delivery.

I LAY pondering in this manner a considerable time, until I felt sufficiently recovered to commence my journey, and fearing that a second attack might prove more fatal than the first, I made the best of my way out of the wilderness, and after an hour's travel, reached the highway. Here I soon fell in with a wagoner, and gained permission to ride with him. I entered Quebec with the countryman, where, thanking him for his courtesy, I alighted and sought employment. I procured a situation as servant to a gentleman. I continued with him about four months; at the end of which time, a transport arrived with a load of Irish. I got into some difficulty with one of these emigrants, and thought it prudent to leave Quebec. I therefore shipped on board the Golconda, bound to London, and after a pleasant passage, arrived in that great metropolis. I went to live with an Ame-

rican, who kept a boarding house in London. This house was frequented by many men of doubtful character, who got their living by any thing else but honest industry. Some of them let me into the mysteries of London free-traders, and others used to "take the air on Hounslow Heath." I remained in London about three months, when I shipped on board of a collier, and went to Scotland. I remained a few weeks in Greenock, but was dissatisfied with that place, and went to Dublin. From Dublin I went to Cork, where I shipped in the American ship Robert Burns, and sailed for New York. We were loaded with Irish passengers; men, women, and children. During the passage I became involved in some difficulty with one of the Irish emigrants, the details of which may not, however, be very interesting to the reader: suffice it to say, the captain was induced to take part against me, and even threatened to withhold my wages when the ship should have arrived in port.

Accordingly, when we reached New York, I did not stop to demand my dues, but shipped immediately in a schooner bound to New Orleans, deeming it more prudent to decamp than to contend the point, where such fearful odds were against me, and when even success might be more injurious than the loss of my wages.

I had previously heard of haunted houses and haunted vessels; I was now on board of one. Singular noises were heard in the hold at the hour of midnight, but when a light was taken to the spot, nothing could be seen. How to account for these things, I do not know. I never saw a ghost, but I am sure if there is any such thing, I heard them at loggerheads in that schooner's hatchways. When we arrived at New Orleans, the crew determined to sail no longer with their ethereal shipmates, and we all deserted together one night, leaving their shadowships in full possession of the forecastle. My cash account was by this time nearly closed, and I had recourse to some of the pedler's arts to obtain "the needful."

I went to Natchez in a pole-boat; had considerable change in my pocket; had good success in gambling, and obtained about three hundred dollars. After being two months in this town, I got into a squabble one night, was robbed of every farthing, and pitchpoled neck and heels out of a window, which fall injured me considerably. As I could get no assistance in Natchez, I resolved to return to New Orleans, and falling in with a boatmate, he took me with him to the city. I went into the hospital, where I soon recovered.

Business was now dull in New Orleans, and no encouragement for pickpockets.

I shipped on board of the Governor Griswold, bound to Havanna and Liverpool, as steward.

We got under way, and proceeded down the river until we came to a place called the English Turn, when a boat, manned by twelve or fourteen men, came off from shore, and when they arrived within hail, they called to us and asked if we wanted a pilot. The captain answered, "No;" whereupon the man in the stern of the boat ordered one of the men to throw him a rope. The rope was handed him, and it being made fast to the boat, he came alongside. He ascended the ladder, and came on board with all his men excepting four, who remained in the boat. The captain of these desperadoes was a tall, slender man, dark complexioned, and terrible in aspect. His eye was black and piercing, his nose slightly Roman, and he wore a huge pair of sable mustaches. His men were a ferocious looking band, hardy, and sun-burnt. He saluted the captain in a courteous manner, and was profuse of compliments.

His men who wore long red Indian stockings, red caps, and were armed with pistols and knives, sauntered carelessly about the deck.

The pirate captain asked our captain where he was bound; he was answered correctly, "to Liverpool, via Havanna."

Our captain then cut short the interrogations of the pirate, by saying, "I know your business."

The pirate then turned to our crew, and asked them what sort of usage they had received since they left Europe.

"Tolerable," they replied, "but very little grog."

The pirate then called for the steward. I made my appearance. "Have you plenty of grog on board?" enquired he.

I replied in the affirmative. "Fill up that bucket," said he, "and carry it down the forcastle for the men to drink." I took up the bucket at which he pointed, carried it into the cabin, and filled it with liquor. I then took it forward to the forecastle, where the men received it and conveyed it below.

As soon as all the crew had got below, and were assembled around the bucket, the pirate placed two of his men upon the scuttle, to prevent any of the crew from coming on deck, while he with two of his gang stuck close to the captain and mate. "Now, steward," said the pirate, "go down and invite all your passengers to

come upon deck." I did as I was ordered. Our passengers were a lady and two small children, and a gentleman who had been engaged in teaching school in New Orleans, but having received a letter purporting that the death of a near relation had left him heir to a large fortune, had embarked for his home, which was London.

These persons came on deck. The lady was much frightened, but the pirate told her to be under no apprehension, and soothed her with language which would not have disgraced the court of Great Britain. The pirate now gave orders to bring up the gentleman's trunk. The trunk was laid at his feet. "Now," said he, "bring up all the captain and mate's property." They also were produced.

He then proceeded to overhaul the captain's trunk, which contained "no great shakes."

"Captain, you have a very poor kit!" said he, with a scornful smile.

The pirate then examined the passenger's trunk. It contained about 440 dollars in specie. In rummaging the trunk, the pirate fell in with the letter containing the information in respect to the fortune which had been left the passenger. This letter the pirate read, and giving a significant glance at the fortunate man whose

direction it bore, folded it up carefully, and laid it down.

He then turned to the captain, and asked him if the man had paid his passage. "No," answered the captain. "How much does his passage cost?" enquired the pirate. "Two hundred and twenty dollars," replied the captain. "That you must lose," said the pirate.

Then turning to the passenger, "You," said he, "I will use fairly! You will want," continued the pirate, "when you arrive at Liverpool, two dollars to pay the porter for carrying your trunk;" he laid down the money; "your passage to London will cost you £2 10s.;" he counted it out and placed it with the two dollars; "your dinner will come to five shillings, and you may want £2 more to treat some of your friends;" he laid down the money with the rest; "and for fear that will not be sufficient, here are twenty-five dollars more." He presented the amount of these several items to the passenger, gave the remainder to one of his gang, and told him to pass it into the boat. He then very courteously asked the time of day. The captain pulled out a fine watch, and answered that it was half past three. "Your watch takes my fancy mightily," said the pirate, and taking it from the captain, put it into his fob with great *noncha-*

lance, and walked forward to the forecastle. "Come up here, two of you who are sober," cried he. Two of the sailors stumbled up, and all the rest came reeling after them.

"Go down into the cabin, and bring me up all the small arms you can find," said the pirate. The two first sailors went down, and soon returned with an old fowling piece and a pair of pistols.

"Now," said he, turning to the sailors, "if any of you, boys, wish to change your situation for better pay and a shorter voyage, I will give you a chance; for rent I am after, and rent I'll have! But stop!" cried he, "this lady I had almost forgotten; come here, madam, let me hear a little of your wordly concerns."

She immediately commenced an eloquent harangue, accompanied with tears. She had gone on for some time in this manner, when the pirate impatiently cried, "Avast! avast! there, that's enough; I'd sooner face the battery of a ninety-eight than stem the torrent of female eloquence!"

He then ordered some brandy for himself and his men.

The liquor was brought; I poured out a glass full for him, when he said, "Stop! captain, just be so good as to drink this off yourself; after

you is manners. I don't know what some of you Yankee inventors may have put into this liquor. You may have thrown an onyx in the cup." The captain drank it off readily. The pirate eyed the captain closely for a few moments, and then said to his followers, "Come, my boys, we may venture;" and the decanter was soon drained of its contents. The pirate then pointed to the main top, and requested the captain to take a walk up that way. "And you, Mr. mate," said he, "begin to travel up the fore rigging. But mind!" said he, "stop when I tell you!" The captain and mate had proceeded half way up the lower rigging, when he summoned them to halt. The captain was about stepping upon the next rattling, when the pirate again hailed him—"If you stir an inch backward or forward," said he, "you will come down faster than you went up." The captain looked down and saw several pistols levelled at him, ready to be discharged on the instant. He therefore remained stationary.

Then the pirate, taking off his cap, addressed the passengers. He told them that he was once poor himself, and therefore knew how to sympathise with persons in distress. He hoped that they would be grateful for the lenity which he had shown them; and then wishing them a pleasant

voyage, he stepped over the side into his boat, and was soon lost to our view beneath the foliage of the thick underwood which lined the shore and hung over the green wave.

Nothing more deserving of remark occurred until we reached Havanna, in which place I left the ship, and forgot to return to her.

CHAPTER X.

Look on the tragic loading of that bed.
Shakespeare.

If the reader has any curiosity to know the reason of my leaving the Governor Griswold, it may not be amiss to inform him, that I saw a chance to better myself. A large and rakish brig, called the Saratoga, lying on the Moro side, carrying fourteen guns, was about setting out on an expedition, with the nature of which we were unacquainted. Her captain, who was a native of Baltimore, said he wanted to ship as many English and American sailors as possible, and offered fifty dollars in advance, and forty dollars per month wages. I immediately shipped, with several others. We lay in Havanna two weeks, and in the course of that time, made up our compliment of hands, eighty-five before the mast. We then got under way and went to sea.

The captain exercised us continually at the guns, and some of us thought he endeavored to enforce man-of-war rules with too much rigor.

Some of us grumbled at these proceedings, and swore we would not stand it. Letters were dropped about the cabin door, and threats frequently thrown out, until they engaged the captain's serious attention.

One pleasent day, he called all hands aft, and made an harangue, in the course of which he touched upon the points of contention. He said that we were engaged in a hazardous business, that our liberty and lives were at stake, and that, as we had good wages, and if successful would receive an extra compensation, it became us all to unite in the prosecution of such measures as would most redound to the general good, the success of the voyage, and defence against the cruisers with which the African coast was lined. He therefore wished to accustom us to the exercise of the guns, and fit us for action.

In good time we arrived on the coast of Africa, and made Cape Mount.

Here we traded with the natives, and got considerable gold dust. We then proceeded up the coast, passed Sierra Leone, and run in at Mount Serado, (now called Liberia.) There were some Americans here at this time, who suspected our intentions, and gave us to understand that we were not welcome; but, as the place was not fortified, we disregarded their

grim countenances. We proceeded to the river Rio Pongo, and sailed about sixty miles inland. We found a belligerant chief, from whom we obtained considerable gold dust and ivory, and thirty-eight slaves. Had I not passed the rubicon of Satan, and sworn that evil should be my good, and that vengeance on ruin I would pile until the red heap should overbalance the load of wrongs under which I had struggled, I might have pitied these artless negroes, when they were brought manacled to our brig and stowed in the hold; when they bid an everlasting adieu to liberty, and saw the sun rise, for the last time, over their country, and the tombs of their fathers; devoted to perpetual slavery; death the only liberator! But now, with a heart steeled to the tender impressions of humanity, I saw them torn away, and enter the stranger's bark; then I smiled to think the stain and the curse would fall upon a Christian!

After stowing away these wretches, we got under way and proceeded up the river a day's sail, when we came to, and anchored at a place where a hot war was carried on by the natives, and we expected to obtain a large number of slaves.

At this place, the captain went on shore, and was gone one day and one night from the brig, when he returned and informed us that in the

course of eight or ten days, one hundred and forty slaves were expected to arrive from the interior. The captain said that as we should be obliged to wait for these slaves, and as there were many English and French cutters cruising up and down the coast, it would be best to set a watch.

Accordingly the long boat was victualled, armed, and manned, and sent to the mouth of the harbor to row guard, and keep a sharp look out for sails.

About four days after the departure of the boat, we heard the report of muskets at midnight, which the captain understood to be signals from the boat. "Something is in the wind!" cried he; "call all hands!" Just as the crew came on deck, the long boat was pulled alongside. The men were much exhausted; and the mate said that the English frigate Cybelle lay at the mouth of the river, that her boats were in chase of him, and could not now be more than four or five miles distant.

Hereupon the captain and mate held a short consultation; for short it must be.

They well knew that if we were caught with slaves on board, the rigor of the law would be exerted against us. Set them on shore we could not, for want of time, as the splash of the Enlishmen's oars was now heard.

Those artless sufferers had now been on board several days, and although at first their grief at the prospect of parting for ever from their friends and relatives was immoderate, yet they had gradually assumed a philosophical indifference to their fate, and at length appeared resolved to make the best of their situation. Alas! they little knew what was to be their condition when they should arrive in the land of Christians. They had no idea of the torturing scourge, the unremitted toil, and the degrading subordination to which they were doomed to submit. They believed the specious falsehoods which the captain imposed upon them, and at length concluded it was a fine thing to go to America; so eargerly does misery catch at each reed of hope to save the victim from utter despair. With that habitual deference which the hospitable African pays to the white man, these forlorn creatures treated the sailors, and when the contrast between our accommodations and theirs was but too apparent, they seemed to suppose that they were actually unworthy of better fare, and that, as inferior beings, it was their duty to be thankful for the miserable pittance which was allowed them; believing (so unsuspicious were their minds) that we were willing to do better for them if it lay in our power.

Could you have seen the generous tear steal down their sable cheeks, when one of our crew was accidentally wounded; could you have seen that sympathising affability which they exerted towards us, to endeavor to gain our friendship and regard; could you have marked the rising of that smile upon their lips, which, spite of their harrowed souls, they assumed to make us believe they were less miserable than they really were, you would then, indeed, own that they were human; then the touching appeal would reach your hearts, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

To return from this short digression—our decks were lumbered with water casks, and the task of getting up the slaves was rendered troublesome and inconvenient. The order was given to bring them on deck, pinion two of them together, sling a stand of grape to every couple, and throw them overboard; as this was the last hope left us of saving our necks from the halter.

They came willingly on deck, seemed pleased with the change in their situation, caressed the crew, and very quietly submitted to be pinioned.

One couple was cast overboard, before the devoted wretches knew their fate. A panic seized the survivors. They fell on their knees, begged for mercy, kissed our hands and feet, and asked why we would kill them, for they were

willing to go to America. They asked if they had committed any crime, or whether they had been remiss in the discharge of any duty. No answer was given them; but still the work of death went on. Couple after couple was plunged into the black waters, and the cream of agony rose above the fiery wave. Often, when I have been reclined upon my bed, I have started up at midnight as I imagined that the cry of one of these victims pierced my ear. Often when pursuing with avidity the palling pleasures of the world, I have seen before me the agonized African, in all the eloquence of grief, pleading for the life of his wife or his son, while the ruthless Christian was hurrying him to the side of the ship, to plunge him into the bubbling waters! Never, never, will the recollection of that awful night be banished from my memory. Never will the din of their cries cease to ring in my ears; 'tis here! 'tis here! A worm knawing in the inmost recess of my heart's core!

At length one of the negroes, when thrown overboard, slipped from the cords which bound him, and swam for the shore. "That will not do!" cried the captain, "we shall be betrayed; put them into these casks, and all hands drive on hoops as fast as possible." The order was obeyed. Several were put into a cask; the cask

was filled up with shot, and thus the whole number, save the one who swam ashore, were sunk in the river, murdered in cold blood! So anxious were we to save our necks that this horrid massacre was perpetrated before the whispers of conscience had received an audience.

Just as the last cask was launched overboard, we were hailed by the Cybelle's cutter. Her lieutenant immediately boarded us. This officer was very complaisant, and his boat's crew civil. But they were all much fatigued, and we accommodated them with food and lodging for the night. Before morning the other two boats belonging to the Cybelle arrived.

Early in the morning, the lieutenant inspected our papers, and proceeded to search the vessel, but found nothing wrong.

Our captain told him that we were lawful traders, in quest of gold dust, ivory, and camwood; that he wanted no slaves, but was armed to fight slavers if he found any on the coast. His Yankee eloquence prevailed, and the lieutenant left the brig, announcing his intention to proceed farther up the river, and that he should not return in several days; while our captain told him that if he was successful in obtaining those articles which he sought he should heave up in the course of a week.

Fortunately for us, the next day eighty slaves arrived which we purchased of the African Prince, giving him in exchange, dungaree, trinkets, &c. As soon as the slaves were stowed under deck, the captain announced his intention of taking his departure. We got under way, and towed and drifted down the river until within about forty miles of its mouth. We then came to an anchor, and sent the launch to ascertain the situation of the English frigate. We soon got under way again and proceeded about twenty miles farther down the river, when the boat returned, about sunset. She brought information that the frigate lay under a point of land, on one side of the river's mouth, and that the boats were apparently engaged in fishing. We immediately got under way again. We were favored by a good breeze, and the night being dark, we were enabled to pass from river to ocean, without accident; taking care as we did so, to keep close in and hug the opposite shore from that where the frigate lay.

We then ran down the gold coast, stopping occasionally to trade with the natives. We were several times routed, and our superiór sailing alone saved us.

We however obtained our full cargo of slaves, amounting to three hundred and eighty-four

souls, and were on the eve of starting away, when a terrible malady assailed us at the Niger, which, in less than a week, carried off all of our crew excepting twenty, and some slaves. The captain then said it was time to be moving, and we got under way for Havanna, with all possible despatch.

As we were now nearly destitute of men, we could depend upon nothing for our defence, but sailing. Fighting was out of the question, especially as several of our guns had been thrown overboard in a gale of wind. We now carefully avoided all large sails, and made the best of our way homeward.

After a short passage, Havanna hove in sight. Three sail belonging to the Patriot Squadron under Jewett here gave chase to us. "Now," said our Captain, "unless you crowd every thing, your voyage is all lost at last!" One of the squadron, a schooner, gained upon us very fast, and as the breeze died away, he got out his sweeps, and our situation appeared for some time extremely precarious. We were now in full sight of Moro, but he still pursued and kept up a continual fire upon us with his bow guns. All this time we had been employed in wetting the sails, and doing our utmost to get in. The breeze now freshened a little, and we ventured

to hoist the Spanish flag. The enemy still pursued, until, when within half a mile of us, a fire was opened upon him from the Moro Castle. We had got close in under the castle before he got out his sweeps and hauled off.

We arrived safe. I was paid off with a considerable sum, and as I was well suited with Havanna, and saw an opportunity to make more money when my funds should be exhausted, I launched forth extravagantly.

In Havanna I fell in with such company as disburthened my pockets in a short time. I was not a little surprised one morning, when "Bull's Eye Kate," the lady with whom I boarded, and who was my banker pro tem., asked me for some money: "Touch penny before you touch pot," said she. This was a broad hint, which I could not possibly misapprehend. I perceived that my funds were all exhausted, and that it behoved me to look out for more.

I wandered about the docks, trying to get employment of one of the American captains. After an unsuccessful search, I was one day going home to dinner, when I was met by a very genteel man, who asked me what vessel I belonged to.

"None at present, sir," was my answer.

"Were you not in the brig Saratoga?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"What business do you follow now?"

I told him that I caught jobs here and there, and made a shift to rub along. He then asked me if I wished to engage in an advantageous expedition. I told him yes, but that I did not wish to go to Africa.

"No, no," said he, "this is of a different nature altogether."

I told him I would engage in any expedition excepting a voyage to Africa.

"Where do you board!" enquired he.

I answered that I had boarded at Miss Kitty's; but that, at present, I boarded any where that I could get a chance.

"Then," said he, "I will send a servant to Miss Kitty's after you."

I told him I did not like to go there; that I was in debt, and that the lady regarded me with considerable indifference on that account. He smiled, thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out a gold piece, value $4, and two rials, and presented them to me. I thanked him.

"Be sure," said he, "that you be at Miss Kitty's this evening, and ready to start with the messenger, if he requires it." We parted.

CHAPTER XI.

"I'll take her, but I will not keep her long."
Richard the Third.

WHEN the stranger left me, I went directly to my old landlady's, called for some liquor, and as I threw down the money, requested of her the key of my chest to go and change my clothes.

At sight of the gold, the old lady politely accommodated me with the key, and very kindly enquired after my health. I told her that as I had shipped, and was going a long voyage, and expected to get two or three months pay in advance, I wanted all my things put in readiness. She then sent one of the servants to see that my linen was all clean, and every thing put in readiness immediately! "My dear boy," said the covetous old porpoise, "I hope you will not be out late this evening carousing, as usual; take my advice." Thus did this benevolent lady ply me with her disinterested kindness, until the arrival of a little negro. The black boy spoke to Kitty in Spanish. She pointed me out to him. He then handed me a note, and said his master wished to see me.

I went out with the boy. I followed him up several streets, and at length we turned into a by lane. We passed a few doors, until we reached the one at which he rapped. The door was opened. He walked in, and I followed him. We soon reached another door, which he opened, and entered at once a large room, containing about a dozen sailors, and several gentlemen. The latter were sitting at the head of a table. I soon distinguished my patron, who told me to approach.

As I advanced, he turned to a tall man at his elbow, and said, "Here is one that I fell in with to-day, who, I think, will not come amiss. I noticed him upon the arrival of our brig. The captain recommended him highly, and as he has had the misfortune to spend his money, and has become destitute in this place, it is no more than right that we should put him in the way of making more."

The gentlemen then consulted together a short time, and requested me to sign. I did so; and my example was followed by several more. "You are now," said the merchant to his captain, "to proceed with these men immediately down to Casilder." I requested time to get my clothes.

"Every thing that you want shall be provided for you," was the reply.

Then ordering the little negro to bring in some water, he pointed to a large demijohn, and told us to help ourselves. We drank plentifully; when a man entered, and said that all was ready. Hereupon one of the sailors said that he wanted to pay some debts before he embarked. "No matter about paying any debts now," said the merchant. "If you are successful, you'll be able to pay all honest debts in a couple of months, if you like."

At eleven o'clock at night we went out into the street. We found mules, attended by slaves, awaiting our appearance.

We mounted these mules, and proceeded outside of the walls of Havanna, passing the sentinels without interruption.

All this time the merchant and captain were in our company. But here they left us.

The rest of us proceeded, accompanied by an officer.

We travelled without intermission until break of day. Our road was indeed lonely. We at length halted at a small hut. There we obtained some refreshments, such as jerk beef, Aguadente, grapes, wine, &c. We then a second time addressed ourselves to our journey.

The sun, as if aware that mischief was abroad, put forth his hottest rays, and some of our com-

pany almost fainted beneath his beams. Our officer did all he could to encourage us forward, and said we should reach the place of destination before twelve o'clock. At about one P. M. we arrived at a small bay, the shores of which were shaded by thick foliage. 'Twas a dark and dismal place; such a one as Brutus would have chosen to plot the downfall of overgrown Cæsar, Cromwell to plan the ruin of his prince, or Robespierre to whet the guillotine. A small strait joined the waters of the bay to the ocean. Here were several prows and a little schooner lying at anchor, all looking as innocent as a new married bride.

We found a few scattering huts behind the woods, where we obtained some refreshments. A boat being ready, we were conveyed on board the schooner. The schooner proved to be a long, low, taunt, Baltimore clipper, carrying six guns, double fortified 6's. She bore every appearance of a war vessel, save that there was no bright work nor strict regard to cleanliness manifest.

We found on board the schooner fifteen or twenty men, mostly Americans and English.

The officer who escorted us was heard to say to the officer on board, that we must get under way that night, and go down to Oroco. The

officer then sent a letter back to our merchant by the muleteers.

At nine o'clock at night we hove up and went to sea. Owing to a head wind, we were forced to put in to Cape St. Antonio. At four A. M. sent a boat ashore. We continued lying off and on until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the boat returned with a letter for our officer.

At dark, we stood into the harbor. We anchored. A boat came off to us with the captain and more men, a large quantity of fire arms, and some swords and cutlasses. The boat returned to the shore. She continued bringing us off arms and ammunition until midnight, when the last boat load arrived. The watch was then set, and part of the crew went below. Early on the next morning, we espied three of the prows off the harbor. We got under way and stood out. We soon came up with one of them, when the captain lowered his boat and went on board of her. When he returned to the schooner, we proceeded around the south side of Cuba, and stood off out of sight of land. The prows left us and stood in shore.

On the second day after losing sight of land, the captain called all hands aft. He told us that the national flag, which we were now under, he hoped to be excused from naming; that it was

altogether a private concern, and that it behoved every one to interest himself in our safety; for that if we were taken, death and only death would be our doom. "But," said he, "be not concerned; we are only to try one bold stroke, and then all is over; and I hope that I was not mistaken when I believed that I had pitched upon a set of men who were equal to any enterprise whatever." He thus proceeded in a long harangue, and, in the mean time, ordered the grog to be produced; that main spring of lawless actions, that philosopher's stone, which can convert vice into virtue! As the liquor began to operate upon us, he said that he had once been master of as fine a vessel as ever swam the seas, but that, by the machinations of sharpers, swindlers, and bankrupts, he had been reduced to so low a situation as to be almost necessitated to beg his bread, when the merchant who owned the schooner had furnished him with this last resource; an opportunity to make his fortune or perish in the trial. "A large French merchantman," said he, "is now lying in Havanna. She has on board a large amount of specie. Our merchant, determined to ascertain the fact, has himself shipped goods to the value of $20,000 on board of her, consigned to a merchant in Havre de Grace, whither she is bound. There is no

risk; all we have to do, is to take her and secure the money, and then return home, and each man will share enough to make his fortune." He also told us that the prows were free traders; but that no one had any concern with the French ship excepting ourselves, and that, could we once obtain her, we need fear nothing. He said we need not feel any tenderness of conscience, for that we need take no lives; that he detested murder as much as any person, except in case of actual necessity. He then told us to drink as much grog as we thought necessary; but that, as we knew the nature of our enterprise, we must see the impropriety of becoming intoxicated.

We then left the quarter deck and walked forward, but he seemed disappointed when he received no cheering reply. Slow and solemn the crew stalked forward to the forecastle, where, in small groups, they murmured their dissatisfaction with the purpose of the cruise. As regards myself, I was much surprised to find myself commanded by a desperate freebooter, and acting in conjunction with pirates. In fact, I liked the idea of getting money well enough, but the thought of wearing a Russian bandana almost choaked me.

We now commenced cruising off and on shore, making the land by day, and retreating

by night, for the space of four days; but on the seventh day after our departure from Cape St. Antonio, we were ordered to keep a bright look out, and give immediate notice of the appearance of a sail of any description.

At about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a sail was reported to windward.

We put about and made all sail for her, while she crowded canvass in order to escape us. We continued in chase until about dusk, when we were sufficiently near to discern her hull from our deck. The captain reconnoitred her awhile with his night glass, and said that she was not the vessel we were in search of. "At any rate," said he, "as she is late from Havanna, I will try to gain some information." Accordingly, we run within hail and spoke her. She was the Triton, of Boston. From her we gained information that the French ship was to sail on the afternoon of the same day in which she left the port.

We then tacked, and stood in for the land.

At about eleven o'clock at night, we discovered a light bearing right ahead. As we concluded that this was the Frenchman, we got all things in readiness for the encounter. We run down to her, and hailed. We were not disappointed. She proved to be the identical ship of which we were in quest. We run athwart her bows, and

ordered them to heave to. They not obeying as soon as we could have wished, we discharged a broad side, (three guns,) which did them little injury, but which brought them to immediately. We then requested their captain to come on board. He did so. When he came upon our deck, he was seized and secured. We forthwith manned our long boat with twenty-four men, armed with pistols and cutlasses, and boarded her: When we had gained her deck, we requested them to get out the launch with all expedition. We then proceeded to secure the passengers, whom we placed upon the forecastle, under the charge of the sentinel.

The crew were next politely requested by our captain to bear a hand and break out for the specie. They very willingly commenced that work, and were plentifully supplied with grog by our captain, from the ship's stores, in the mean time. We sent one of our men aloft to look out for lights, that we might not be surprised by unwelcome visiters. By four o'clock in the morning we had loaded the launch for the last time, and the captain and his men returned with her to the schooner. We discharged the ship's launch, and then gave the French captain permission to go back to his ship with the boat. He was very sulky, and when we offered him a glass of wine, he declined tasting it.

No sooner had we sent off the launch and captain, than we discovered a light, bearing about three points of our larboard bow, to windward.

The captain said we must be off, and that the sooner we run into Trinidad or somewhere else, the south side of Cuba, the better it would be for us.

At daylight we discovered the land, and also three sails, vessels of war, between us and the shore. We tacked and stood off under easy sail, until one of them, a British gun-brig, stood directly for us.

It was concluded by our captain and officers that no time was to be lost, and as it was evident that our vessel was the superior sailer, we saw considerable chance of escape. We made all sail, threw our shot overboard, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the brig drop gradually astern. The other two vessels faded fast in the distance.

We run round the island of Oroco; and about the middle of the afternoon, got the island between us and the brig; when we braced sharp up, and got directly in the wind's eye. As we came in sight of each other again, we had the satisfaction of seeing her far astern. As soon as the sun went down upon the sea, and cloudy night blackened the skies, we put out all our

lights and squared away before the wind, standing for Matanzas. At daylight, the brig was out of sight, but a large merchantman was close under our lee. "We'll see what this fellow is made of," said the captain. The first officer opposed, saying, we might think ourselves lucky to get off with what we already had, and that we should not, like the dog who snapped at the shadow in the brook, run the risk of losing all. A severe altercation immediately took place between the commanders, while the grog being served out at the same time, inflamed the crew to such a degree that they took violent parts in the contest. The captain strongly urged the plan proposed by him, and was joined by some of the Spaniards on board, while the American and English sailors decided against it. We were soon sufficiently near to make out the name of this ship—the Welding, of London. The Americans and English on board of us said that when assured of their safety with their present plunder, it would be time enough to think of a second attack. And in this we were joined by our second officer.

The captain was much exasperated at this defection in his second officer: "You have turned ——chicken-hearted since not six months ago," said the fierce pirate, "when you with

your own hands nailed a part of the crew of the brig Savage to the deck; and now, while I have command of this vessel, you shall have the pleasure of witnessing a similar scene on board of that merchantman; some of that ship's crew shall walk the plank, by Jupiter!" He then ordered the man at the wheel to "down helm and luff up." The other officer said that he had seen enough to sicken him of the business, and that leave it he would.

The captain was obstinate, and the crew obeyed him. We luffed up in the wind, within hail of the Welding. We spoke her, and ascertained where she was from and whither she was bound.

The captain then said he would board her in person. The boat was accordingly cleared away, lowered, and manned. The captain jumped into her, and ordered his men to pull for the ship.

She had attained to the distance of about fifty yards from the schooner, when the first officer held a consultation with the other for a few moments, and then running hastily aft, his features and his voice altered suddenly. "Clear away the larboard guns!" cried he; then hailing the captain, he said to him, "I was willing to conform to your rules, as long as you kept within the bounds of reason; but you have gone beyond

them; so farewell!" The three larboard guns were now cleared away and pointed at the boat, for the purpose of blowing her out of water. Some of the crew objected to these measures. When our officer found himself confronted by his own men, he grew almost frantic; he ran aft, let go the lee braces, and called earnestly upon the crew to haul in the weather ones, "for God's sake, for our own sake, for hung we should be unless we immediately departed."

We squared away before the wind, and left the boat in the lurch. When the captain perceived our intention, he put about and waved his hat, but waved it in vain.

One of our crew ventured to expostulate with the officer; he replied, "'Charity begins at home;' they are not far from land; let us look out for ourselves; they are fools if they don't do the same."

We steered once more for Cuba. My soul expanded with the idea of regaining my liberty, and safety from imminent danger.

We made Cape St. Antonio. On the next afternoon, we came to an anchor.

Several of our crew were well acquainted with the place and with this course of life, and advised the practicability of taking money ashore and burying it in some secret place. We were

permitted to do so, but were ordered to come on board on the next day to discharge; after that, we were informed, we should go to Havanna and receive our share of the booty.

Next morning we were busily engaged in discharging the schooner, when we were suddenly aroused by the report of firearms; and presently in came one of the prows, under full way, and hotly pursued by a whole fleet of cutters, launches, &c. who kept up an incessant fire upon her.

The captain of the prow came on board of us, and begged our officer, for God's sake, to fire upon the assailants. Three American cutters hereupon came on and opened an attack upon the prow and our schooner. We were not slow in answering their fire. We brought every thing to bear, and defended ourselves with desperate fury. The cutters still approached us, and their bullets whizzed about our ears.

During the confusion incident to such emergencies, several of our old seamen proposed lowering a boat and saving ourselves by flying to the shore. One of them was so careless as to be overheard by our chief officer, who rushed up to him, and putting a pistol to his head, blew his brains out. The officer then exclaimed aloud, that any man who attempted to fly should die the death of a traitor.

A launch now drew nigh and joined the cutters; we did our utmost to repel the enemy. Our officer ran fore and aft the deck, cheering the men, and urging them to fight to the last; but the launch now was on the eve of boarding us, when we loaded one of our guns with spikes, langrage, bullets, and nails, and discharged its contents directly in their faces. Then fell the gallant William H. Allen! The launch was obliged to haul off.

Favored by the smoke and confusion, four of us cleared away the stern boat, and a number of us got into her unperceived, and pulled for the shore. Several of our number were killed in the boat, and ere we reached the shore, we were perceived by one of the cutters. The cutter immediately gave chase, her crew pulling lustily, (I wonder whether those fellows got a double allowance of grog or not,) and sending polite invitations to us to heave to, which whistled about our ears most melodiously.

We reached the shore. Out of eight who left the schooner in the boat, only four were able to walk. Attended by one of the pirates, I made the best of my way into the interior; and so hasty was my march that I am altogether unable to describe the mineralogical productions of the country through which I passed! My haste did

not, however, prevent me from fathoming the pockets of one of my slain companions, from whom I took eighteen doubloons, believing that they would probably be of no farther use to him.

When we found ourselves fairly out of hearing of the enemy's muskets, my companion and I lay down upon the grass, faint, hungry, and weary.

We lay in this situation until dark, when my companion, who was not altogether a stranger in this place, proposed going in search of inhabitants. We arose, and wandered until we saw a light glimmering at a short distance through the gloom.

We approached it. 'Twas a negro's hut, in which the taper burned.

We entered without ceremony. The hospitable inmate spread before us his simple board. We refreshed ourselves, and asked permission to pass the night with him. He pointed to a mat. Oblivion drew her veil over our senses. We were dead till morning. In the morning we arose, and set out for Havanna. We reached that place upon the next day, at four o'clock in the afternoon. As we entered the gate at the south side of the city, we drew attention from some of the inhabitants, so marked that it did

not please us. We stepped up to a booth, attended by a woman, to purchase some refreshments. My companion gave her a doubloon, but she did not return the correct change. My companion stuck up for his rights, and she for her wrongs; as the reader may suppose, a squabble ensued. A soldier came up, in the midst of the fray, and struck my companion with his fist; at me he aimed a blow with a knife, which I escaped by springing backwards; but my comrade caught up a stone, and struck the soldier with it on the head. The soldier fell. A crowd gathered about us. An alcalda appeared. The soldiers took the part of their comrade, and both he and they told their story with so much volubility, that we could not get a chance to shove a word in edgewise. The result was, that we were lugged off to the Regulars, a sort of guard house similar to the Calibouse.

The next day we were brought before the alcalda, to give an account of ourselves.

Now the affair of the schooner had by this time become generally known; the story was spread far and wide, and all strangers were exposed to severe scrutiny.

My companion was ignorant of this, and he, by accident, dropped a word which condemned us both.

We were taken to Moro, led through a subterranean passage of several hundred feet in length, when we were immured in a loathsome dungeon, with fifteen or twenty criminals, for a term of six months.

At the expiration of half a year from the day of our commitment, an exchange of all Patriot prisoners took place, and the criminals were also dragged forth to greet the sun. Some of our fellow prisoners were condemned to be shot; others to hard labor; and some were sent on board of a man of war. The latter destiny befell my companion and myself. We were put on board a Spanish frigate, bound shortly to Cadiz.

As I had in my possession a considerable sum of money, my companion and I soon succeeded in making our escape from this frigate in a boat. We landed at the head of the bay. We immediately set out for Miss Kitty's, determined to lay claim to her protection, as the Spaniards were now pressing all stragglers; and wo betide us if we should again fall into their hands! In passing down towards Miss Kitty's, I espied the merchant who owned the piratical schooner. I approached my old patron, in order to scrape some acquaintance with him, when he denied all knowledge of me, and even called out for the

guards to put me in prison. We immediately fled.

We entered Miss Kitty's after dark, fearing a similar reception from her to that which we had received from the merchant.

We were sufficiently prudent to introduce our gold before we introduced ourselves. Golden pioneers! we brought up your rear victorous; nor were we the only persons whose pretensions have been introduced through the gate, "on golden hinges turning."* An empty head and a full pocket do much; yet "a full head and an empty pocket fear no wings." But enough of this. Miss Kitty saw our doubloons, and if we had been two devils just emerged from burning hell, with the cinders on our backs, we should have experienced a warm reception. This sordid wretch interested herself extremely in our welfare; enquired what sort of a voyage we had made; how we felt ourselves, &c. &c.

We succeeded in obtaining a private audience with the *lady*, in which we made her thoroughly acquainted with our condition. After advising us to place all our valuables under her immediate charge, she assigned us her back room, where she said we might be safe until she could procure us an opportunity to leave the

*Milton.

place. I was now nineteen years of age, tall and athletic, and considered myself as much of a man as common folks. I felt myself once more at liberty, and my own master, and resolved to continue so.

CHAPTER XII.

Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave!
Byron.

We remained at Miss Kitty's about three weeks. We had not denied ourselves any of the comforts of life during our sojourn with her, and as she seemed quite dilatory in the matter of finding us a vessel, we began to look forward with fear and trembling to the time when our funds should fail us. But we were unnecessarily alarmed, for our careful landlady, good soul, had taken particular pains to provide against that catastrophe, and on the very evening that we had changed our last dollar, she came to us and communicated the glad tidings that the captain of an American brig was willing to let us work our passage in his vessel to St. Thomas.

Early on the next morning we packed up our little all, and were about bidding adieu to our hostess, when she solicited a treat from us. We gave her a glass of grog, and departed, very glad to get off so well.

The captain of this brig used us well, and we arrived safely in St. Thomas; from thence to Guadaloupe, in which place we insisted upon wages. He consented to do so, and we continued with him until we arrived in Boston, at which place we were discharged in good health, but very low in pocket.

We took passage for New York. Arrived in good time. At this place we run considerably in debt, and finally fitted ourselves out at the landlord's expense, and shipped on board a brig, (the Ranger,) for Martinique. Our cargo consisted of candles, lard, staves, fowls, onions, and butter.

Until the eleventh day from our departure, we experienced light winds, and pleasant weather.

On the eleventh day, the wind gradually increased. We shortened sail, and at length were obliged to heave her to. At four in the morning, it blew a hurricane. Every sea broke over us. The captain now gave orders to throw the deck load overboard. While we were in the act of doing this, a tremendous sea broke over us and swept the deck completely. Away went the cook and his cabouse, the captain and the staves, into the sea—all lost. We who still kept the deck, narrowly escaped following our captain to the blue valley of ocean. We lashed ourselves to the rigging. The fore staysail, which ere

this was blown to tatters, had been in a measure substituted by tarpaulins placed in the fore rigging. We were soon thrown upon our beam ends, when we cut away the masts with all expedition. We then lay motionless. The boy, in attempting to go below, was washed overboard. The gale did not abate until the next day in the forenoon. Still, however, the wind was so violent that we were forced to trust to our lashings, and the sea continued to break over us without intermission. At twelve o'clock the wind died away. Still a heavy sea continued to toss our bark to and fro upon the waters.

We now attempted to get some provisions. One of our crew, who was expert at diving, plunged into the cabin, and after a long search, returned with a hatchet, the only thing which he could lay his hands upon. With this hatchet we cut a hole through the deck, and succeeded in taking from the cargo one keg of lard. On the next day we got a little bread, some onions, and a box of candles. Water we could not come at, and we suffered greatly from thirst. Our diver again went into the cabin, and at length brought up a keg of New England rum. This was all the drink we subsisted on for eleven days, when we were taken off the wreck by the English ship Diamond. This ship was bound to the Isle of

Wight. The captain treated us with great humanity, and we fast recovered our health and spirits, all save the first mate, who continued indisposed.

When we arrived at Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, we applied to the United States Consul, who had the humanity not to murder us outright, but gave us a fair opportunity to starve to death. From his inhospitable jurisdiction we thought it prudent to retire.

My companion and I took ship and went to Liverpool. In that commercial city we arrived, without money and without friends.

I soon engaged myself as a servant at Mrs. Hughes's public house, while my companion shipped for the East Indies. I remained at Mrs. Hughes's house four months.

I left my situation, and strolled about the streets several weeks, frequenting different sorts of company, until I found an opportunity to ship on board his Britannic Majesty's frigate Boadicea, bound on an expedition to the East Indies, commanded by Commodore *James Brisbane, Esq.*

CHAPTER XIII.

———Arms on armor clashing, bray'd
Horrible discord, and the maddening wheels
Of brazen fury raged!

Milton.

At Plymouth, the Boadicea got under way with a convoy of East Indiamen, bound to Madras, Bombay, &c.

On the third day after our departure, we sprung a leak. We made water so fast that all three pumps could scarcely keep her free.

We put about and ran into Spithead; hoisted signals of distress, and two steamboats were immediately sent out to us, and by them we were towed into dock. We were overhauled and repaired, and in two weeks ready for sea.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the passage to Madras, except that we touched at Rio Janeiro. We were immediately ordered, by Sir Archibald Campbell, Commander of the British land forces in the East Indies, to run into the mouth of the river, get out our boats, and row up into the interior. Two hundred and thirty of our men volunteered for this service, among which number was the reader's humble servant.

For the space of three weeks we continued rowing up the river, faring hardly, and continually galled by the Burmese, who lined the coast. The men were anxious to go on shore and take vengeance on their assailants, but were not permitted to do so, until we arrived at a large village, when our lieutenant asked us if we dare go on shore and charge the enemy. We replied—"Yes."

We then prepared to effect a landing. We were violently opposed by the Burmese, who kept up a galling fire upon us; but, at length, we succeeded in bringing our pieces to bear upon them. We attacked the village in front, while a detachment of Sir Archibald's horse and infantry charged them in the rear. We routed the natives, plundered the village, and returned to our boats.

We then proceeded to a great distance into the interior. The river lay through a wild and uncultivated country, and the principal inhabitants we saw were tigers and monkeys. Occasionally, however, we fell in with small villages, contiguous to which were many houses of worship, called Pagodas.

We at length reached a city lying about three hundred leagues from the sea coast. Opposite to this city was Sir Archibald's camp, the seat

of war. Here were about forty thousand English troops, but the enemy's forces amounted to double that number. Sir Archibald had been brought to a stand. We were in a state of starvation, and it was necessary to risk a general battle.

As soon as we formed a junction with Sir Archibald's troops, preparations were made to commence the attack. Our boats were filled with men, and ordered to land on the enemy's ground, on the other side of the river. In the mean time, the artillery was planted on an eminence on the opposite shore, to fire across the river (which in this place was not over half a mile in width) upon the town, and cover our landing. We struck the beach, and springing from our boats, made a vigorous charge upon the foe, who, in their turn, furiously assailed us with spears, javelins, and darts, while heavy showers of musket balls brought death into our ranks unseen. The fierce Bandoola's* voice was heard amid the fight, animating his legions, and calling them to the charge. Then from the opposite shore, the artillery thundered forth one incessant sheet of flame, and the bolts of destruction passed over our heads into the enemy's

* The head general of the Moguls.

ranks, mowing them down like reeds before the blast. Undismayed by this, the Burmese stood their ground; our columns were reeking with gore, and the air was darkened with their missiles. We were forced to give back, and retreating to our boats, pulled out of the reach of the enemy's fire.

Many of the Burmese fell in this encounter, but they were too numerous to afford us any chance of success at the present time.

Our boats were huddled together in the river, when, at about nine o'clock that evening, a whole fleet of bamboo boats, all on fire, came down the river, and threatened us with a conflagration. Our boats were compelled to scatter immediately, and manœuvre so as to avoid those fiery cars.

Next day, Sir Archibald had recourse to the copper bridge, (an invention of Napoleon's,) which was thrown across the river about five miles above the city, with great ease, as there was no one to oppose us.

Sir Archibald passed over this bridge, and effected a landing with the main body of his troops, while a regiment of Highlanders, a company of light infantry, and the blue jackets, amounting in all to twelve hundred men, landed from the boats; a company of light artillery playing at the same time from an eminence

on the opposite banks of the river into the town. Shells, rockets, and balls flew thick as hail upon the enemy, while our detachment attacked the foe at the same time that Sir Archibald charged in their rear.

The enemy made a stout resistance; hand to hand, and man to man we fought. The shores streamed with blood; the dead were piled in the streets, and the cry of agony resounded from hill to hill, through dell and dingle.

Then, pursuing our advantage, we followed the enemy into the city, and unfortunately received a whole volley from Sir Archibald's infantry, which threw us into momentary confusion, and killed a number of our advancing troops.

At this junction, the enemy rallied and came to a stand. The Highlanders, amongst whom Sir Archibald's volley had been chiefly distributed, began to retreat. The lieutenant then waved his sword, and cried out to the sailors, "For God's sake, my boys, follow me!" We threw away our muskets, drew our swords, and mounted the stockade. The lieutenant led the van, until, receiving a javelin which pierced his breast, he gave back; but the sailors still pressed forward. Then Bandoola's voice was again heard above the din of battle. He rallied a parcel of straggling Europeans, who espoused

his cause, and charged us afresh. We were forced to give back, and slowly retreated until we were again joined by the Highlanders, when we again pressed forward.

Desperate was now the conflict; but Sir Archibald came thundering on, and hurled the messengers of death thick upon the foe, while the rockets from the other side of the river annoyed both the English and the Brahmins.

The enemy at length began to give way; the news was brought, and quickly circulated, that Bandoola was killed.

With renewed vigor our troops followed up their advantage. A great slaughter ensued; and soon nothing of the enemy was to be seen but flying squads, retreating to the woods with great precipitation and disorder. The city was in a moment completely abandoned by the enemy, save those who were slain and wounded. Heaps of dead obstructed the streets; heathen and Christian lay undistinguished in the mighty ruin.

The soldiers and sailors helped themselves to whatever valuables they could lay their hands upon.

A soldier, belonging to the fifty-second regiment, happening to stand near Bandoola when a rocket cut him in two, was struck with a dia-

mond which shone in the cap of the fallen chief. He took the cap from the head of the slain hero, and was bearing it off, when he met one of his officers who offered to purchase it from him. After a little hesitation on the part of the soldier, he sold the cap to the officer for fifty rupees. The diamond, it was said, was afterwards sold to a person in London for fifty thousand pounds.

Our quarters were now broken up. Our boats were loaded with spoil, golden images, precious stones, silver, and other choice articles, when we proceeded down the river.

Our loss, from killed, starvation, and sickness, was estimated at about two thousand and two hundred men.

The sailors received great praise from Sir Archibald, for their conduct in making the charge. He made use of this remarkable observation :—"I had rather have sailors, half drunk, than the best disciplined troops in the world."

After rowing down to our moorings, we embarked on board the frigate, and getting under way with two sloops of war and another small frigate, sailed for Canton.

We arrived at Canton, after a passage of fifty-two days. I was here taken sick. I lay several weeks in this situation, when, my recov-

ery remaining doubtful, I was sent on board of the hospital ship, homeward bound.

We touched at the Cape of Good Hope. I was allowed to go on shore for recreation, being nearly restored to my usual state of health. I took a stroll into the country, and did not return to the ship, which sailed without me.

I dwelt amongst the Europeans three months, but had sufficient opportunity to observe the customs and manners of the Hottentots. These people are of a dark olive complexion; with red, curly hair. They are generally of a low stature, but of stout, athletic forms. They eat dogs, and all sorts of filth.

They have their cattle under very good subjection. They will come at the sound of the whistle, and guard their master's habitation like a watch dog.

The women possess so little of that softness and delicacy, usually pertaining to the feminine character, that the casual observer might easily be deceived in distinguishing between the sexes, were they clothed, and clothed alike.

Perhaps the most entertaining scene amongst the Hottentots, is an elephant hunt. I had the satisfaction of witnessing one of these.

A son of lord Castlereagh arrived at the Cape, in the frigate Andromach, and the English gen-

tlemen of the place prevailed on the Hottentots to entertain him with one of these sights.

The Hottentots, to the number of fifty, assembled in the morning, with dogs, bullocks, and all the requisites for the business. His lordship then said, that all the Europeans who wished to join in the diversion, should be welcome, and that he would bear the expenses of the whole company. Our number amounted to four hundred souls, amongst whom were a great many merchants, and gentlemen of fortune, ambitious to distinguish themselves, or enjoy the sport anticipated from an encounter with those huge animals. The rest of the company was composed of natives and stragglers, amongst the latter of whom I shall class myself.

We set forward, and travelled over a wide plain, until twelve o'clock, when the Hottentots left us, and repaired to a large mountain, intending to surround it, keeping within the sound of each other's horns. When they left us, we halted to dine. Towards evening we again set forward, and when the hour of midnight arrived, we had nearly come up to the base of the mountain. We then halted till daylight. His lordship behaved very much as a lord should behave. He attended to all the wants of his followers; went round in person to inspect their

situation, and see that every one was provided with proper nourishment.

On the ensuing morning, we laid our plans. At eleven o'clock, we formed a chain around the mountain, and awaited the signal. At one o'clock the sound of the horn was heard.

Castlereagh mounted his horse, and cried out, "Now, my boys, for sport!"

Every eye and every ear was now open; all were on the alert. Some gentlemen who valued themselves on their sharp shooting, now fresh primed their rifles and muskets, and pressed forward with great eagerness. His lordship politely requested them to rein in their impetuosity, and give the dogs an opportunity of first displaying their activity, and advised them if they saw any imminent danger, to fly; and ended by saying, that he wished to try his sabre upon the game.

Suddenly the cane breaks at the foot of the mountain became violently agitated, and rustled like the north wind sweeping over a bed of reeds. His lordship could now scarcely restrain some of the gentlemen, who were anxious to bury their rowels in the sides of their horses, and encounter the yet unseen monsters of the wild.

Presently a huge elephant emerged from the brake, accompanied by two of her young.

When these animals caught sight of us, they came to a sudden halt, and seemed to hesitate whether to proceed or to return to the mountain. But the Hottentots came on in their rear, shouting and blowing their horns, which caused them to come forth upon the plain. They advanced about twenty-five rods, and within fifty rods of our company.

"Now let loose your dogs!" cried his lordship; "encourage them on!"

Fifteen or twenty of the gentlemen, with Castlereagh at their head, put spurs to their horses, and followed the dogs to the scene of action. The four-footed pioneers were urged forward, and proceeded briskly over the intervening distance, until within a very short space of the elephants, when they halted, and kept at a respectful distance. Meanwhile, the elephant stood firm as the immoveable mountain in her rear, with one of her young on each side, who seemed to cling to her for protection.

At this juncture, the dogs of the Hottentots, who were much fiercer than ours, and better trained, attacked the elephants in the rear. The largest elephant wheeled upon her pursuers, and seizing one of the dogs with her proboscis, whirled him high in the air, a sad warning to the others. But the Hottentots, not much

appalled, still continued to play around the game, while Castlereagh, at the head of his immediate followers, made a vigorous attack upon one of the young.

The gentlemen being very eager, the young elephant overturned one of them while his lordship was endeavoring to hamstring the animal in the hind legs. The mother, freeing herself from the Hottentots and the dogs, now rushed to the rescue of her offspring.

Coming up rather suddenly, she overthrew Lord Castlereagh, and winding her trunk around the waist of one of the gentlemen, threw him some distance from the scene of action. The other young one, who yet remained unengaged, now attempted to effect a retreat; but the gentlemen on foot levelled their pieces, and discharged a volley of musket and rifle balls upon him, which brought him to the ground.

The rest of the company now rushed, en masse, to the rescue of the gentlemen and his lordship, who were furiously assailed by the elephant and her surviving young one; while the Hottentots stood calm spectators of the contest, not caring to venture themselves within reach of those animals, as this European mode differed so widely from their manner of taking the elephant. The old one now made a despe-

rate charge with her trunk; she lifted a slain horse from the ground, and threw him at a distance from her. She then rushed towards one of the mounted gentlemen, and tore out his horse's bowels with her tusks, and succeeded in clearing a path through our ranks, to the mountains. She was making off in that direction, when the cries of her young, upon whom the whole attack was now concentrated, induced her to turn. Ere she could arrive, the balls of our marksmen had stretched the young one on the plain, while sabres, battle axes, and spears, gashed his poor carcase with many a useless wound.

Now came on the old elephant with redoubled fury. Revenge alone seemed to be the purport of her present visit.

The multitude, who were so busily engaged in hacking the carcase of her offspring, were at once thrown into a panic, when they beheld the approach of the formidable beast.

Great confusion instantly ensued. Our company ran against each other in their hasty attempts to retreat. Some were thrown down, and trampled upon; others were slightly wounded by the weapons of their flying associates; and others, blinded by terror, ran heedlessly towards the approaching danger!

One of the Hottentots happening to get within reach of the desperate animal, was seized by her trunk, and dashed to atoms against the ground.

The retreating party were then rallied by his lordship, and a volley was fired upon the elephant, which caused her to reel.

After musing for a moment over the carcase of one of her young, she wheeled, and fled towards the mountain, tearing the grass from the earth and the twigs from the trees, and endeavoring to stuff them into her wounds, from which the blood spouted in torrents.

Now the Hottentots again encountered her. They obstructed her passage to the mountains, and brought her to a stand. This gave sufficient time for our affrighted company to form, and return to the charge.

We gave her another volley, which brought her to the ground. When she fell, we immediately rushed upon her, and despatched her with our axes, spears, and sabres.

She however made one last effort to raise her huge frame from the earth, but faint from the loss of blood, which poured fast from a thousand wounds, she sunk exhausted, and without a groan or a struggle, breathed her last beneath our repeated strokes.

I was an eye witness to all this; I saw the consummation of human cruelty, in the barbarous murder of an innocent, harmless animal, who lived just long enough to mourn the destruction of her affectionate offspring. I saw it, and these eyes, whose springs had long been dried, did, like the rock in the desert, grow moist once more. Man alone had wronged me. I had no enmity towards the creatures of instinct; them I still could pity.

I examined the carcase narrowly. I observed that the balls which had lodged in the head and neck had scarcely buried themselves beneath the skin; but some, which had struck her a little behind the fore shoulder, and between the ribs, had penetrated much deeper.

It was now nearly dark. His lordship appeared fatigued, and proposed returning to our tents. We refreshed ourselves, and after enjoying a good night's rest, felt competent to our journey.

We took the tusks and skins of all three elephants, and moved towards the town. Upon our arrival at the town, we displayed our trophies with great satisfaction. The bravery of his lordship was (of course) highly extolled; and every one boasted of the mighty deeds which he had performed on this august occasion.

I endeavored in vain to get into some employment. My complexion presented an insuperable barrier to my admission into respectable company, and I at length turned my thoughts homeward.

I soon got an opportunity to ship on board the Iris, bound to Rio Janeiro, and from thence to London.

CHAPTER XIV.

I'll call thee—Father.
Hamlet.

AFTER a short and agreeable passage, the Iris arrived at Rio Janeiro.

I deserted from this vessel, and after remaining but a short time in the place, went to Buenos Ayres in a small coaster. Here I shipped on board of a Patriot privateer, fitted out in Baltimore, called the Young Constitution.

We steered up the Mediterranean, and fell in with a large Spanish galoona, which we took without a struggle. We took some specie and plate out of her, manned her, and sent her to Buenos Ayres.

When we arrived off Cape De Gatte, we fell in with an English letter of marque, loaded with Spanish property. We hailed, but the captain not giving a very satisfactory answer, we fired a shot across her bows, and ordered the captain on board of us. He peremptorily refused to obey this order, and, hoisting the English ensign, said

if we wanted him, we must come and take him by force. This spirited repartee, however, ended to mutual satisfaction. Our captain, adopting the prudent alternative of Mahomet, went on board of her, and after a short absence returned, when we steered immediately for the mouth of the harbor of Cadiz. From this movement I conjectured that he had received some information from the English captain. When we arrived off St. Mary's, we saw several sails, apparently standing out.

We stood off and on until about dusk, when the captain called all hands aft, and enquired who was best acquainted with the roads. An old Spanish sailor said he was well acquainted with every spot, far and near.

During this time we were drawing near three of the sails which we had seen towards evening. We passed one of the smaller vessels, and kept on towards the largest one. We were now all at our quarters, in readiness for action. As we came up with the vessel, the captain hailed her in Spanish, and requested her captain to send a boat on board. He gave no answer, but, squaring away before the wind, seemed disposed to get off as fast as possible. Hereupon we discharged one of our bow guns at him. He paid no regard to this warning, but still kept on;

when we made sail upon our brig and gave chase. We came up, and requested them to heave to. They did not obey, and we fired upon them an irregular broadside. They then backed their main topsail. By this time it was completely dark, and a storm was brewing. We however boarded the vessel. She proved to be a Spanish merchant brig.

We began to transport specie, and such other packages as were of most value, when the breeze freshened greatly; the other two vessels had doused their lights, but the loom of one of them was seen standing directly into the harbor.

The captain came on board of us, and said that the prize was too valuable to be lost, and that we had better man her, and run the risk of ever sending her home. We put fourteen men, a prize master, and a junior officer on board of her, with directions to steer out to sea, and agreed upon the latitude in which we should fall in with her.

This occupied some time, and when she left us, it was near midnight.

Meantime the old Spaniard who had been placed on the lookout, cried to our captain that breakers were in sight, to leeward; and two Spanish gun brigs hove in sight within a short distance of us.

Before we could make any preparations to avoid the catastrophe, we struck on a reef of rocks. Our masts were immediately cut away. Every succeeding sea lifted us farther upon the ledge, and crash after crash showed us that our brig was in its last struggles. Great was now the confusion. Some were cutting away the bulwarks to launch the boats, and others procuring booms and spars to float upon. One of the Spanish brigs now came down, and, gaining a good position, commenced a dreadful fire upon us. Every man now provided as well as he could for his own safety. The sun rose gloomily upon our miseries. The billow foamed over our heads, the sound of the scattered timber thundered in our ears; and the pelting of the enemy's cannon was unrelenting. The whole Spanish squadron was now in sight, and one brig came down and joined the other, in her remorseless attacks upon a handful of perishing mariners, who were unable to make the least resistance.

Our captain now gave orders for every one to save himself, if possible, by getting on the island which lay at the distance of six miles from us. But whilst some were afloat in the launch, and others on rafts and spars, the brig seeing our situation, hoisted out her boat, and in a short time, came alongside of our launch. She was

soon joined by two others, all of them full of men well armed. They pulled up alongside of us, and commenced a destructive fire. Although we called for mercy in all languages, they continued to pour in upon us volley after volley.

At length, after firing a number of rounds, and seeing that we made no resistance, they ventured to come alongside.

They took us in tow. Many of us were mortally wounded, and others bleeding to death for want of medical aid. The frigate sent her boats to take charge of the wreck. We were all bundled on board of the first brig, which immediately set sail for the city of Cadiz. We were allotted a small portion of the birth deck, where we who were able were allowed to bind up the wounds of our less fortunate shipmates as well as we could, no other succor being granted.

We arrived at Cadiz. We were ironed two and two, and conveyed to prison. Those of us who could walk, were hurried forward, while the disabled were carried in the arms of the soldiers. Although some of the latter might have survived had aid been extended to them, yet a number bled to death in prison. This prison was a large stone building, with a tiled roof and floor, surrounded by a strong wall. It is called St. Sebastian. The ward in which we were confined was

about fifty feet by thirty-six. We could have communication with the other wards by gratings. Four sentinels stood at our door, who were regularly relieved. Famished and faint, we threw ourselves upon the pavement, and fell asleep.

We had scarcely sunk into a slumber, ere we were aroused by the cry of "Murder! murder!" On raising our heads, we discovered that the room was half filled with Spanish soldiers, who were dragging some of our men to the door, apparently with the intention of stripping them. As I afterwards learned, the cupidity of the soldiers had been awakened by the circumstance of one of our men's offering a doubloon in pay for something which he bought of them, which induced the Spaniards to believe that we had considerable money secreted about our persons. They were by no means mistaken in that particular.

When we awoke and saw the soldiers dragging our companions, we flew to their rescue. The Spaniards meeting with this rebuff, began to deal with us in good earnest, using their swords and bayonets upon us. Expecting no mercy at their hands, we fought with desperation, and at length succeeded in driving them out of doors, and even followed them into the yard, where, with loose tiles, stones, and rubbish, we pelted the soldiers severely.

The soldiers, who had made their nightly attack upon us without the sanction of any authority, now thought it a good time to lay the affair at our doors, and throw the blame of the uproar wholly upon us. They accordingly raised the cry of, "Breaking out of prison!" Upon the arrival of officers, the order was at once given to fire upon us, en masse. The soldiers obeyed these orders with great promptitude and alacrity. After receiving a severe volley, which thinned our ranks considerably, we retreated back to our den. Forty-eight, out of sixty-three, were now left to linger out the remaining term of our sufferings.

This one bold adventure on our part proved of material service to us, for the soldiers ever after feared to assault the prisoners.

The governor now sent for our captain; he was taken from prison, and led into the presence of his excellency. A strong guard attended the captain, and he was led through the streets in triumph until he reached the governor's house. He returned to us in the evening, and recapitulated the conversation which had passed between him and this great man; the substance of which was, that as the government of Buenos Ayres was not acknowledged by the other powers, we should be dealt with as pirates, and that

we might therefore prepare for death! The captain also said that he had in vain appealed to the clemency of the governor; and that as the brig's papers were lost, we had little mercy to expect, unless we could get letters to Buenos Ayres, or prevail on some other government to intercede in our behalf.

Every day was the captain sent for during the week, and interrogated by the governor, returning to the prison at night. In the end, he returned from the governor's quite dejected. He said that all hope was madness, and that we must submit to our approaching fate.

While things were in this situation, the keeper of the shantee, at which we were allowed to spend the pittance allowed us by government, informed us that H. B. M. seventy-four Revenge had arrived in the Roads.

The captain then consulted with some of our most intelligent hands, upon the probability of sending safely a letter to Sir Harry Neale, who commanded the Revenge, containing an account of our situation, and begging his assistance.

We needed paper for the purpose, and it was almost impossible to smuggle it into the prison; but we had noticed it was not so hard a matter to send any thing out.

We soon, however, obviated this difficulty.

There chanced to be an old fur hat in our company, which, although it had been long worn, and done much service to the owner, still contained enough parchment in the crown to say "*water proof.*" With this parchment we succeeded in forming the *ground work* of our letter. A piece of sea-weed sharpened at the end, served us for a pen, and blood drawn from the arm of one of our men, for ink. We bribed the keeper of the shantee to forward this note, and put it into a proper channel for reaching Sir Harry.

On the next day Sir Harry Neale came to the prison in *propria persona.* His presence must have had some influence, as the captain was taken from us, and allowed to roam about the town, in custody of a few guards.

To show how fain the human mind is to seek some employment to divert itself from the contemplation of misfortune, the following anecdote may not be deemed impertinent:—The keeper of the shantee was allowed to build a fire in the prison yard once a day, for our convenience; and although we had no great affair to cook, being denied all animal food save rats, of which we had a great abundance, still we delighted to bake those quadrupeds upon a square piece of tin, owned by the keeper of the shantee, and warm our bread

upon it. One of our men designed to have some amusement. He took away the tin, and brought it into the prison. He took two pins, with one of which he pierced the centre of the plate, and attached the end of a string to it; the other end was tied to the other pin; he described a circle. He then carried the tin to the fire and heated it. He then staked a doubloon, and picked a louse from his jacket, requiring his antagonist to do the same. Both lice were placed upon the tin, at the pole in the middle; then whosesoever louse made shift to get outside the circle first, won the bet.

In this, and other equally sublime diversions, we contrived to while away three or four months, gaining no other intelligence concerning our fate than that we were to be tried for piracy.

In the interim, an event occurred which interested me deeply, and tended to throw considerable light upon my own history, and that of my forefathers.

A party of guerrillas were brought to prison, and confined in the adjoining ward, charged with sedition, and rebellious assault upon the government.

As we could communicate with these prisoners through the grating, we spent many hours in conversation with them.

Amongst the rest of this rude band, I had observed a man of very peculiar manners and appearance; always pensive and solitary; wandering apart from his fellows, absorbed in gloomy reflection. He seldom spoke to any one, but when he did speak, his delivery was cogent, perspicuous, and graceful. He had an accurate knowledge of the English tongue.

His swarthy complexion, long straight hair, and dark piercing eyes, bespoke him a North American Indian, and although his forbidding aspect gave no encouragement to New England curiosity, I felt an indescribable interest in him, and a sort of thrilling sympathy ran through my heart as often as I looked upon him.

Often, when the rest of the company were regaling themselves, and cracking their jokes, I saw him stalk apart by himself, like a perturbed ghost doing penance upon the earth, and incapable of enjoying the pleasures of time. His companions, however, paid him great respect, and were careful not to thwart him in his humors. I have awaked at midnight and seen him pursuing his lonely march, to and fro in his dungeon, or kneeling devoutly at the throne of grace, like one who believed his sojourn on earth was brief, and much was to be done ere he was fitted to see his maker's face.

One evening, when half consumed by burning thirst, I awoke at about eleven o'clock. I heard him at his devotions. I looked through the grating. The pathetic manner, and the good English in which he expressed himself, riveted my attention. When he arose, he discovered me by the dim light emitted from the sentinel's lamp. I was about to retire. In a low voice he requested me to draw near. I approached the grating. "Young man," said he, "I have some curiosity to know what has brought you into this line of life. You seem to be either an Englishman or an American." I replied, that I had lived a long time in America, but that I believed I was not born there.

"If there is no harm in the request," said he, "I should like to hear a short account of your adventures."

I ran over, in brief, the main points of my history, without disguise or extenuation.

As I began my narrative, I observed that my mysterious auditor listened with deep interest, and betrayed some marks of perturbation which surprised me. As I proceeded, he riveted his eyes upon my countenance like a condemned felon, about to receive the blow which sunders him from earth, taking his last look upon the fair face of nature, ere he shall go to the realms of

perpetual darkness. When I concluded, his feelings, no longer restrained by civility and Indian patience, burst forth. He gasped for breath, and involuntarily attempted to clasp me in his embrace, but the cold iron intervening, received his pressure; and then the iron seemed to enter his soul as he groaned—"And in such a place!"

At that instant a ray of light burst upon my understanding; an unformed suggestion, a chaotic mass of sad and pleasurable feelings rolled heavily athwart my trembling soul. The idea was forming in my heart, and at length I ventured to say, "Are you not my father!" "Oh! long lost son!" cried he; "days that have gone down with the setting sun; years that lie piled and mouldering under the western sky, are revivified, and thine eyes have thrown an unearthly light across their rising shades! I remember the love of my youth, and see a new blossom come up where the withered flower has fallen away! Art thou come to lead thy father to his grave? Thou shalt see the ball enter his breast, and the heart that often has bled for thee and its absent mate, shall bleed till its current is exhausted for ever!" He then fixed his eyes upon me intensely, and exclaimed aloud, "My God! my God! is it possible!"

"Yes, father," cried I, "all things are possible with God; and my own experience has convinced me that imminent danger is often surmounted, and that the shaft of death is often turned aside by an invisible hand!"

"Think not," said he, with stoical indifference, "that death is frightful to thy father's soul; he would not so shame the race from which he sprung, the chief whose blood has supplied his veins. No," rejoined he, with great animation, "the scenes of depravity which I have witnessed, the duplicity, the base treachery of man, and above all, those injuries, my father's and mine, have made me tired of such a world as we inhabit; I would be satisfied to secure a favorable reception into the retreat beyond the grave!"

"Say not so, my father; we may see many happy days together yet."

"Ay, boy," said he; "let thy youthful fancy build chimeras as numerous as the tents of my fathers, and let thy budding hopes shoot forth like my own native forest leaves; know thou that the lightning shall prostrate them; mildew shall blast them, and hell-engendered fiends shall catch at each drop of blood which anguish wrings from thy withering heart! Mount the air, and soar to the bleak regions of the frigid zone;

then take thy flight to the icy coasts of the south, thou shalt find man the same in every hemisphere; interest is his god, and he is taught to worship her from his cradle. Deceit is his altar; and his learning is for rapine and usurpation. Can you mingle with the degenerate multitude? can you laugh when they tickle you, and rejoice when they are merry? Can you be a Christian? Shame not the noble root from which you germed. The house of my fathers is falling to decay; we received the white man to our arms; he stung us to the heart; he kindled his altars with our bows, and burned our hamlets for sport. He has trodden us down in his wine, and made himself fat with our spoils! Their priests have gone among us under the sanction of the cross, the murderous emblem of their designs. They tell us that Christ died for us, and seem to think, in common gratitude, we ought to die for him; and that to establish his religion, they must make martyrs of all who oppose their paltry superstitions. If you are my son, hate those monsters! Go not near their sanctuaries, unless it is to revenge your father's wrongs!"

Here my father's countenance, which had been momentarily wrought upon by passion, and inflamed by the memory of his wrongs, began gra-

dually to relapse into its rigid sternness, and as it did so, a cloud black as the misty canopy which overhangs the Styx settled upon his brow! Oh, what a silence was that! "What," thought I, "must be the sensations of a man who feels completely alone in the world, ruined in all his prospects, and nourishing no other feeling towards his fellow beings but intense hate and burning desires for revenge; and he too standing on the verge of the grave, expecting in every footstep which approaches his cell to see the messenger sent to lead him to a bloody death." I looked at my father, as with measured strides he paced his dark dungeon; his countenance seemed to grow blacker every moment, until I felt anxious to break up the train of ideas which seemed to give him so much pain. "You seem to be as great a misanthrope as myself," said I.

A gloomy smile passed athwart his visage; "I was glad," said he, "to perceive that you did not join in the wishes of those hypocrites who would have made you a messenger of grace to the heathen. No good has ever resulted from the interference of the whites with the Indians. The hearts of the Indians, until corrupted by the whites, were true and sincere. Their attachments were lasting unto blood and death. They were brave and generous, hospitable and

constant. No peril disheartened them; no pain shook their fortitude. They worshipped their God sincerely, and the principles of nature and the stamp of the divine impress, bespoke them true to the author that formed them. The stranger found a brother; the wanderer a shelter, and the distressed a comforter, in their rude huts, wherever his lot was cast. Their limbs were vigorous as those of the antelope, their frames were hardy as those of the lion and the bear; but the hot breath of civilization passed over the heaven-born verdure of their souls, and they withered like the grass beneath the rays of a midsummer sun. Now, their limbs tremble and their hands shake; they have learned to be selfish, and to practice all the artifice and deceit of Christians. They can worship at the bloody altars of their conquerors, and hide themselves under an artificial veil, when the countenance of the Good Spirit is turned upon them, inflamed by wrath and indignation. They have learned to use many words to darken truth. The Christian burnishes his outside, and says all is right within. He uses a few compliments, and his neighbor requires no other proofs of friendship. He says, 'I am your friend, and your humble servant;' but should the other require him to do him service, he would resent the request as an

insult; and should the person whom he has just called friend stand in need of his assistance, he would not plead his cause without a fee, nor build his house without a recompense; much less would he suffer in his stead, and die for his sake! Then, our conquerors boast of their attachment to the cause of liberty; this, like all their virtues, is superficial and weak, while their vices are deep and deadly. Sooner than pay a few taxes to their brothers on the other side of the ocean, they preferred spilling their blood, and bedewing the wrested soil of our fathers with the crimson flood! Thus, after slaying thousands of their fellows, and filling the land with widows and orphans, they accomplished their object; they pronounced themselves free and independent; and their land, a *land of liberty!* A few more pieces of gold were saved to fill their bloated purses. This was their glorious revolution, and they were no longer slaves! Great was the price, and contemptible the object purchased; while from the shores of the branching Mississippi to the waters of the Atlantic, *real slavery* stalks unmolested. The cries of their helpless victims pierce the air; their blood smokes along the ground; their chains rattle from early morn until the setting of the sun. Such is the morality of the whites—such the policy of Christians."

Thus did my father ply me with sentiments with which I was already but too well acquainted. Still resolved to draw away his mind from the contemplation of such dismal objects as infested it, I gladly embraced the opportunity of pointing his attention to another passage in my life, which I thought might induce him to abandon, for a while, his misanthropic train of ideas. "What do you think," said I, "of my early disappointment in the case of Caroline."

"Your Caroline," said he "was young, very young, and doubtless tolerably innocent. But riper years would have taught her, that her choice had been made without consulting her own interest, and the good opinion of the world. But far be it from me to wrest the dark secret from the potent grasp of death, who snatched the blossom before the breath of this world had soured the fruit. She went from you pure and constant; as such, remember her; though for that remembrance you may thank the unsophisticated impulses of nature more than the fixed judgment of maturer, though perverted reason.

"Woman is frailer than the snow crust which yields to the foot of each successive passenger, and, like the mercury of a thermometer, rises and falls with circumstances. In his opinion of the sex, the Mahometan is more just than the

Christian. While the latter admits them to an equality with himself, the former considers them like the frail ivy which needs the trunk of a more powerful supporter to direct them in their course, upon which they must absolutely depend, or fall, withering, to the earth. The Christian demeans himself to their wanton crookedness, while the other makes them bend to his noble ascendancy.

"The soul of man, governed by reason, and superior to the demands of flesh, is doubtless survivor of the decay of its earthy tabernacle. But woman, who is altogether governed by her senses, and yields to the absolute control of her varying passions, possesses no identity when her natural elements fall away; the woman goes with them."

"Hold a moment, my father," said I; "how can you say that women have no souls, when true and noble love is called by the noblest of philosophers, an interchange of sentiment, and a pure and sublime friendship between the sexes?"

"They may call it what they please," said my father, with a contemptuous sneer, "but an 'interchange of sentiment, and pure, sublime friendship,' may exist only between congenial spirits. Now, we will suppose the case of two men whose minds are cast in the same mould, and the sen-

timents of the one but an echo to the feelings of the other; and we will suppose that these two are united by the strongest ties of friendship; you must either give their attachment the name of *love*, or else you must confess that the peculiarities of that union which subsists between your platonic lovers, take their rise in the sexual discordance which unites them in such *physical* harmony.

"If love—if true and sublime love, is only a union of soul, it may as well subsist between two men, as between a man and a woman. But, the one is friendship, and the other is love! 'Friendship' contents itself in wishing well to the object of regard, and in prizing the society and conversation of the favorite. Your love goes farther; it heats the blood, insists on marriage, builds cradles, and gives birth, not to new ideas, but to squalling children, made of real and substantial flesh and blood! This noble and sublime love, this interchange of sentiment, this union of soul, is marvellously assisted in its progress by a large, bright, blue eye, an arched brow, silken tresses, and a snowy hand; and fades quickly away at the approach of penury, the failure of a law suit, or the sight of a shabby coat! No, no, Charles, men would fain plead an excuse for their weakness, or rather hide it, by

giving a false coloring to the story of their baseness. They would render that immortal which is compounded of dust, and would pretend that they have been led away by the ambrosia of the gods, while they have bowed their noble spirits to the grossest appetite in nature! Female charms, when once they are worshipped, lead to the desire of inordinate gratification. I do not say that any appetite is sinful or improper. A man may indulge in eating, drinking, or in satisfying any other call of nature, under wholesome restraint; but when he yields himself up to the idea that his *love* is anything better than mere carnal pastime, he is in danger of drowning his immortal intelligence in the cup of sensuality.

"Woman, therefore, should be treated as the property of her husband, and never admitted to share with him his authority. She should be kept subservient to his rational laws, and never should the creature of dust dictate to the immortal mind of man.* Think not, therefore, my dear boy, that your loss is irreparable. You have lost Caroline. There are other women in the world, equally lovely, equally devoted in their

* The reader need not be reminded, that one among the most marked and most unamiable traits in the character of barbarous nations, is their contemptuous estimate of a sex whose natural station and virtues true cultivation only can appreciate.—Ed.

affections, and equally anxious for a male partner. But perhaps you will say—'Yet they are not my Caroline.' We become foolishly attached to a house where we have long lived, to a horse or a dog which we have brought up, to clothes which we have worn for some time; nay, prisoners have been known to form an intimacy with mice and spiders, who were the only inhabitants of their solitary cells. Was it because the old house, the favorite horse, the pampered dog, the sly mouse, or clambering spider, were any better than other houses, horses, dogs, mice, and spiders? Would not others of the same kind answer all our purposes equally as well? You must reply in the affirmative. Well, then, these attachments are only serviceable so long as the objects themselves are within our reach. If we continue to hanker after them when we know they are for ever removed from us, we are guilty of an unpardonable weakness. Your Caroline may have been a good girl. There are many more as good as she. Enthrall not your immortal spirit with temporal and short-lived objects. You will one day be called upon to surrender up all that you possess, all that your eyes ever rested on; even the frame which now holds your aspiring mind. To be always prepared to meet death like a man, you must not suffer yourself to place

any more value upon earthly things than they really merit. Use them in their proper places, and think no more about them."

I now requested my father to furnish me with some account of his own wanderings, the history of my birth, &c.

"That I will, most willingly," said he, "and when you have heard my story, you will see what great cause I have to love a Christian!

"I was born in North America. My father was one of the greatest Chiefs belonging to the Narragansett tribe of Indians. Although he had long been forced to leave his native soil, and flee far to the west, still he possessed sufficient power and interest to secure him a peaceful possession in the western wild; this spot, however, attracted the attention of those white speculators who had warred upon us from the beginning.

"Ere I was born, the contractors had so far overcome my father's scruples as to gain his approbation of selling a part of the land to the United States. At the same time they proposed, that at my birth, (my mother being then pregnant,) I should be taken to the sea-board, and trained up and educated in the English style. In a weak hour, they likewise prevailed with him to join in the cause of civilization! Accordingly I was brought up and educated among the whites,

and early imbibed a sufficiency of their manners and customs to believe that they were in the right and we were in the wrong.

"About this time I went to pay my father a visit, and when I heard him relate the history of my forefathers, from the commencement of the usurpations of the whites, it aroused a feeling in my mind which has never left it. Through the persuasion of my friends, I returned to the seminary, where I continued about two years, when, understanding that there was a disturbance upon the western frontiers, near to my father's place of abode, no persuasion could tempt me to remain any longer with the destroyers of my nation.

"After a weary journey, I arrived at the spot where late my father and all his friends had been driven from their homes; now chased farther into the wilderness towards the Pacific surges. I immediately set out to join my distressed relatives. I arrived at the retired retreat where my father had sheltered. There, even there, the bloody assailants had attacked them!

"A band of murderers, under the sanction of the United States government, had that evening surrounded the defenceless village, burned, murdered, and plundered it. I met a party of Indians retreating before the troops of captain

Boltworth. My eyes instantly sought in the crowd for some of my relatives; when, as the wounded were borne off, I saw a person carried by me whose features I had a chance to mark, as the flash of a rifle illuminated my father's well known countenance! I instantly sprang in amongst the group, but was repelled, and borne along by the crowd until I had attained to some distance from the scene of action. I at length gained his side in time to receive his last farewell. These were his dying words:—'My son, I am going away to those fair regions which lie beyond the setting sun. Remember the last words of your father: *Never forgive, never unite with the whites; but injure them whenever it lies in your power.*

"Seeing all my prospects ruined in America, I fled to Europe; I went with Napoleon to Egypt; and at the battle of Acre was taken prisoner, and carried to Constantinople, thence to Algiers, where I remained a slave.

"I fell into the hands of a humane master, who entrusted me freely with his affairs, and allowed me considerable liberty. He had several other slaves, amongst whom were a Circassian lady, with a beautiful daughter. Between them I soon contracted an intimacy. I became attached to the daughter, and she soon showed some

partiality for me. I resolved to effect my escape, and to carry off the fair creature with me.

"My master had a small schooner, in which he had made several trips to Gibralter, and although he had once ventured to take me with him, I saw no opportunity to make my escape. Another voyage was now contemplated. On the night before our departure, I prevailed on a Moor, whom I had bound to my interest, to convey my dulcinea on board the schooner, and secrete her below deck. We sailed early the next morning. The wind proved favorable. In the course of several days we reached the coast of Old Spain, and Cape Palliser hove in sight. 'Now,' said I to Sidi the Moor—'now is our time, if we would regain our liberty.' My master, with two Moors, was then asleep below, and there was not a breeze upon the wave. We took some fire down into the hold and kindled a blaze, jumped into the boat with my girl, and pulled for the shore.

"We arrived safely, and then went to Tangiers by land. There I got some employment in the service of a Jew, with whom I staid several months, in which time you were born. So, you see, you are a native of Tangiers.

"Shortly after you were born, I took you and your mother to Gibralter, where I embarked for

New York, in the United States. Hearing of a legacy left me by my father, I ventured to show myself, and was commissioned to go to Congress. I went into the country with my little family, where I became discontented, and left home for France. I joined Bonaparte again, was taken prisoner by the English, but soon escaped, and then joined General Mina, who headed the Constitutionalists; I was again taken prisoner, and it is therefore that I am here."

Although I cordially united with some of the sentiments of my new found father, yet there were others to which I should have certainly objected, had not a loud rap at the door warned us to repair to our respective places of repose. I stretched myself upon the cold stones, but not to sleep. The reader may judge of my state of mind.

CHAPTER XV.

The end is at hand.
St. Paul.

WITH the dawn of day, news arrived that we (the brig's crew) were to be taken to the place of execution. Sir Harry Neale's presence had so far deferred the doom allotted us. He was now gone, and our foes rejoiced in the prospect of our speedy death. All of us were not, however, fated to perish. The governor had given his orders to the alcalda to shoot as many of us as he chose, so that the number executed did not amount to twenty.

We were therefore taken to the place of execution, and drawn up in a line. An officer, bearing a box which contained a number of white slips of paper, intermingled with nineteen blotted ones, passed along the line, and each man was obliged to draw a lot. Those who drew the blotted paper were taken from us, and we saw them no more. Those who drew the white slips were remanded back to prison. Now,

reader, don't ask which sort I drew, unless thou believest it possible that a ghost should have written this history.

When we (the survivors) returned to prison, we understood that an attempt had been made to conduct the guerrillas to another prison, when these desperate adventurers had revolted, and the greater part of them had made their escape, among whom, I was rejoiced to hear, my father was numbered.

In a short time the English acknowledged the independence of Buenos Ayres. The British consuls immediately interceded for us, and upon the arrival of a Patriot brig, which brought passenger the Buenos Ayrean commissioner, we were set at liberty.

An opportunity for me to leave Cadiz immediately presented itself. I shipped in a polack brig bound to Trieste. I reached that place without particular incident, and remained there several months, in the employment of an Englishman.

Now the Greek Revolution commenced, and I went to sea in the employment of a Grecian merchant. I was taken prisoner off Samos by a Turkish man-of-war, which, shortly after, joined the fleet on an expedition to Napoli di Romania. I made my escape in Smyrna, and

got into the employment of an English merchant and went to Malta. From Malta I went to the Isle of Rhodes, where I remained a short time with the English minister.

At this time the famous Lord Byron arrived. Upon his arrival, preparations were made to treat him with all due honor and respect.

As his adventurous and romantic manner of life drew my attention, I felt a desire to enter his service, if possible. I mentioned my wish to my employer, the English minister, and was immediately introduced to his poetic lordship.

His lordship received me graciously; asked me a few questions, such as—"Where do you belong?" "What have you done for a livelihood?" &c. I replied to all his questions truly; but he told me, that as I had not been long enough in the country to understand the language, was not sufficiently inured to the climate, and should not probably agree with his guards, who were Suliotes, &c., he would recommend to me to go to Ægina, and join with the Greeks who were there employed in fitting out fire ships, &c. But, turning to the minister, he said, with an arch smile, "I think, by the appearance of that young man, he must have been in Kentucky."

Before quitting this subject, it may not be amiss to give the reader some description of

Lord Byron, as he appeared to me :—He was a man of about five feet eight inches in height; well proportioned, all save his right foot, which turned in considerably. His countenance was rather feminine and some worn with care, yet beautiful; his eyes were dark, and remarkably bright and expressive. His hair flowed in long ringlets over his shoulders.

To return. I took his lordship's advice, and went to Ægina. I did a little in the service of the Greeks, and then went to Gibralter, where I fell in with the U. S. sloop Ontario, Woolford Chauncey, Esq., commander. I remained on board of her one year, during which time we were visited by Lord Byron, at Leghorn.

When the ship was ordered home, I applied for my discharge, which was granted me.

I then remained a short time in Gibralter, when I got on board of a Patriot cruiser, went to Cecil, and from thence to the United States.

I was soon afterwards compelled by misfortune to enter the United States service again, and went up the Mediterranean, where I remained two years, when I deserted and joined the Patriots. I was wounded in an engagement, taken prisoner, and carried into Algezira.

I however got clear of that difficulty, and went to the United States in a U. S. sloop of war. I

remained but a short time in America, when I was compelled by misfortune to ship again. I shipped on board an American whaler. According to custom, as soon as I had signed the papers, I was put to prison for safe keeping, until the ship was ready for sea, when I was conveyed on board of her. We doubled Cape Horn in due time.

A disturbance arose among us, which ended (according to the captain's words) in open mutiny.

Several of us went accordingly ashore on Charles's Island, to play the part of Robinson Crusoe.

We remained on this Island about three months, when we were taken off by another whaler, and transported to Rio Janeiro. In Rio Janeiro we remained several months, amongst broils, bloodshed, and factions.

Soon after my arrival in Rio Janeiro, I was pressed on board H. B. M. ship Don Pedro. I applied to the American Consul, (Mr. Wright,) who said he could do nothing for me unless I had an American protection. I then wrote a letter to Lord Ponsonby, who came in person and liberated me, and many more.

I was now adrift in Rio Janeiro, and to gain a livelihood was tempted to join a gang of freebooters.

Rio Janeiro is almost a lawless place, for club law is the only law there, and therefore our gang, in all their enterprizes, had the *law* on their side. The following anecdote concerning our honored confederacy, may not be deemed uninteresting:—

There was a Portuguese who had, in times past, been notorious for a rebel, and a leader in some factions against the government. A price had been set on his head, and he had been forced to make his escape. He was now returned, and had joined our party.

As we had no regular place of abode, the Emperor had granted us permission to take up our quarters in one room of his palace, when the weather was tempestuous.

It happened that a pompero came on, shortly after the Portuguese had joined us. We repaired, as usual, to the palace.

Night came on, and we stretched ourselves upon the pavement to sleep. About midnight, while locked in the arms of Morpheus, a singular prospect arose to my imagination. I dreamed that I was walking on a rocky steep, when suddenly I saw yawning beneath my feet a deep and dismal chasm, at the bottom of which the foam of disturbed waters was visible. At once I seemed impelled by an irresistible inclination to

flee to the verge, and rush into the frightful abyss below; when my long lost Caroline, beautiful as an angel, and lovelier than a seraph, caught hold of me, and endeavored to dissuade me from my dangerous intention. I thrust her from me, and still went on until arrived at the very brink of the precipice, when I suddenly awaked, and beheld a soldier standing over my associate the Portuguese, with a drawn knife, which he plunged repeatedly into his body. As the slain man was near me, I raised my head, but the soldier shook his finger at me, and bade me to hold my peace. I then discerned a number of other men in the room, muffled in dark cloaks, but all of them bearing naked weapons.

In the morning we arose, all save the Portuguese, in whose body we counted fourteen stabs, and our clothes were all drenched in his blood, which had run under us while we lay upon the stones.

As it would enlarge this narrative beyond all reasonable limits, were I to mention all our adventures in Rio Janeiro, I will only say, that I shipped on board the U. S. ship Guerriere, under Commodore Thompson, and went to the Pacific Ocean—then drop the curtain and draw towards the conclusion.

CONCLUSION.

My story is wound up, and the reader is in possession of the principal facts connected with my eventful life. It is the history of one whom misfortune has frequently led to crime, and whose crimes have not unfrequently plunged him into misery. The moral is at his service.

There are two classes of my fellow beings to whom I would address a word, ere we part; the aged *virtuous*, and the *uncorrupted* youth.

To you who, through the varying scenes of a long life, have still remained uncontaminated by the baleful influence of the world, whose hearts are still sustained by conscious rectitude, rigid honor, and unswerving truth, I bow with undisguised respect and deep veneration. You have read the history of one who has been swept away by the torrent which you have nobly resisted.

To the young and innocent I would say—In you, my dear fellow beings, I feel the deepest interest; far as I have gone astray, and lost as I am to that sense of rectitude which is imprinted upon every rational soul in its early career, I

still hold you in high estimation, and advise you by no means to blast your prospects of happiness by pursuing the same course, which has rendered my own heart the abode of misery aud preying inquietude. Shun the first appearance of evil. Be always open, sincere, and candid. Dissimulation is the road to ruin, and death is not more horrible than deceit. Think not that cunning deserves credit, and that he who possesses sufficient skill to impose upon the ignorant and inexperienced, is an object of respect. No, spurn the idea while it lingers even upon the threshhold of your hearts. A very ordinary mind may acquire sufficient tact to disguise the truth, and misguide the unwary. Noble and great minds cannot stoop to practice artifice; and the name of a sincere and honest man is more precious even to *villains*, than the reputation of an arch and successful imposter.

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